THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PIGOTT AND HIS PATRONS.

Unionism and Crime—How Dynamite Plots Were Arranged.

Startling Revelations.

[*From Davitt's Labor World.*]

The statements which we felt it our duty to make about Postoffice Inspector Newcome, of New York, in our last and previous issues, have provoked that gentleman to a reply, in which he defies the writer to prove his "allegations." We beg to remind Mr. Newcome that he has already tacitly admitted our charges.

He admits (1) that Mr. O'Brien was introduced to him by Inspector Jarvis of Scotland Yard; (2) that Mr. O'Brien received from him (Mr. Newcome) the courtesies of the postoffice; and (3) that he has no doubt but what Mr. O'Brien was an agent of the British government. Now, may we be permitted to ask Inspector Newcome a few questions in reply to his challenge? What had Inspector Jarvis, of Scotland Yard, to do with the officials or the duties of the New York Postoffice? What were the "courtesies" of the establishment which were extended to Mr. O'Brien "for a period of six months?" In what manner did the business of the postoffice of the federal government of the United States require the assistance of two recognized agents of a foreign government? When, together with Mr. Newcome's admissions, we have the positive and unqualified statements of Mr. Hoare's own agents that every word we have spoken about Mr. Newcome is true, we think we have disposed of Mr. Newcome's defiant challenge to the satisfaction of every impartial reader.

Our informants are as worthy of credit as Mr. Newcome, and his bare denial of some of their statements, taken together with the admissions he is compelled to make in regard of others, satisfies us that every single one of our allegations is literally and absolutely true.

We have no animus whatever against Mr. Newcome. The writer of these papers has no personal feeling whatever in making these revelations. He is performing a duty to justice and to truth in making known to the British public the base and unscrupulous means by which the agents of the secret service of the British government have concocted dynamite plots and laid the lines of bogus conspiracies both in the United Kingdom, in America, and in Canada, in furtherance of as dastardly a policy as ever brought disgrace to the most discredited government of Europe. It was absolutely necessary for the elucidation of truth that the part which Mr. Newcome played in the schemes of the British secret service in New York in 1883 should be shown up. This is our motive, these our explanations, of why we have imported the name and some of the acts of Postoffice Inspector Newcome into our story of Jim McDermott's villainy. We now return to the main thread of our narrative.

In our last week's issue we broke off where a discussion had taken place in a café in Paris between "two envoys" from New York (one of whom we assert was an agent of Mr. Hoare's) and an agent of the intelligence department of the home office, in which they discussed a plot for the shooting of Mr. Gladstone. It was not intended by what we said last week, or what we say now, about this conclave in Paris, to insinuate that there was any likelihood of such a plot being put into execution. Nor did we, or do we, mean for one moment to convey that the "Colonel" (by which title we designate the agent of the home office in question) was actuated by any other motive than to frustrate a "possible" danger to the prime minister, and to obtain materials for a sensational report to his employers. Those of our readers whose memory may be charged with some of the sensational stories circulated in the London press in the latter part of '85 and the beginning of '86, will recollect that a rumor of some such plot was then afloat. The "Colonel" represented himself to the envoys as a friend and fellow-revolutionist of Gen. Aylward, of the Boer war fame, and in this, the usual way, wormed himself into the confidence of the emissaries. One of these emissaries left for London; the other repaired for a visit to Katkoff, in Moscow.

We will leave Brown—a name we will give, for the present, to one of the "envoys"—in London and, reserve for a later chapter the story of how he took an office in the city; how Richard Pigott and he were frequently together; how Brown wanted to see Mr. Parnell to "warn him against a conspiracy;" how some of Mr. Parnell's party were induced to meet this agent of Mr. Hoare's; and how Brown endeavored to organize a dynamite conspiracy in London and Dublin. All this belongs to a later stage of our narrative.

Meanwhile we return to Paris, where we left "Envoy No. 2" in company with the Colonel. Another actor now appears on the scene, in the person of Dulep Singh. Gen. —— brought about an interview between "Envoy No. 2" and the deposed Indian Prince; the result being that a manifesto from Dulep was printed by Patrick Casey, which called upon all lovers of liberty to take sides with the victim of British rule in India, who was about to appeal to the great White Tzar of Russia to take up his cause against England. It was then resolved, on the suggestion of Gen. —— and approved of by "Envoy No. 2," that Dulep should proceed to Moscow in order to enlist the sympathy and support of the then powerful Katkoff in the dual cause of Indian and Irish independence!

A passport for Dulep was got from the British ambassador in Paris, in the name of Patrick Casey, on the suggestion of Gen. ——, and the unfortunate Indian, his twenty trunks of baggage, and English female attendant, set out for Berlin, en route for Moscow. At Brussels the train was boarded by a stranger who succeeded in introducing himself to the prince. They traveled together as far as Berlin. Dulep left the train for some refreshment during a stoppage at this point, and, upon returning, found that his satchel, containing the passport of "Patrice Casey," and all the documents intended for Katkoff, gone. The stranger had vanished, too.

Meanwhile "Envoy No. 2" had likewise left Paris saying he too was off to Russia. The following letter, recently received by Mr. Davitt, has reference to some incidents connected with this "mission" to Moscow:

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, Sept. 16, 1890.—*Mr Michael Davitt, British Parliament—Sir:* I am in simpathy with your country, hence I write to you. We Swedes all hope that your country will gain its freedom. Now I want to make a statement to you, for I have seen many things, as I was born in the city of Stockholm. There was a countryman of your here in 1886, named Dr. ——, from Chicago, America. He was drinking very much, and I was much in his company. He told me he was going to Ryssland to St. Petersbourg, in your cause. He stayed at Mr. M——'s house, who was the —— minister. Well, there was a woman from Bruxelles, Belge, who was my mistress, and who was also mistress of Minister M——. She say till me that Dr. —— was drunk very much, and was always tawking, that he was friend with Mr. Parneli and Mr. Davitt. Dr. —— sleeps at Minister M——'s, and Herr M—— ask him all questions loud about your countrymen in Amerika and Chicago, the same time a man from England, who write shorthand, and Secretary of the British Legislation of Stockholm, listen in the next room while Minister M—— make the Docktor —— tell him everything very lowd so the man from England write it down. Then the Docktor —— leave the Minister M——'s house, and he meets a woman who spoke English to him, and she fall in love with the Docktor, who was very fine man—the lady and the Docktor live together, and she give him very much money, for he told me that the lady was from Ryssland, and she like the Irish very much. She could tawk English very fine. She also spoke every language, Swedish, German and French, for I spoke to her in German and my own language. Before the Docktor leave Minister M——'s, my mistress told me he missed some papers from his bagage that was very important, and some dokuments for Ryssland which he got mad at, that is the reason he leave Minister M——'s. The fact is my mistress told me that Minister M—— got very much money from the English Government, as much as 20,000 Swedish crowns, for getting Docktor —— into his room drunk. Mr. M—— also make Docktor —— give him a dimond at Hallberg's Store, No. 7 Regernigsgatan, Stockholm, worth 1,500 Swedish crowns. Then this rich lady take Docktor —— away to Kopenhagen, and then to Ryssland, and he was never seen again here after that. Now, I would not write to you, only Minister M—— took my mistress, whom I love, away from me to Logansport, Indiana, in the United States, and I am unhappy without her. She told me all this, and she was next room when the Secretary of the British Legislation paid him so much money. Yours truley,

GUSTAV STENTROM.

The letter is given as it is written to Mr. Davitt.

The writer of these revelations has not hesitated in making the most direct and positive statements against McDermott and others, when he has held the proofs of them in his possession. He does not, however, intend to rely upon purely circumstantial evidence, no matter how strongly it corroborates the main charges of his indictment against the secret service. He has therefore to admit that the statement made to him in Paris by one who was intimate with McDermott—that it was "Red Jim" who possessed himself of Dulep Singh's papers at the Berlin railway station, and who subsequently personated "the envoy" in Stockholm—rests on no firmer foundation than the assertion of this quondam associate of the notorious spy.

It will, however, be remembered that McDermott resided in Stockholm nearly a year; that he represented himself as "Secretary to the American Legation," in that city; that he was on intimate terms with the then (1883-4) American Minister Thomas, and that according to the statements already made McDermott reported in 1885 that he had married a "French Countess" who had plenty of money.

The letter from the love sick Stentrom, is given for what it is worth. It came to Mr. Davitt unsolicited, and bears upon it the stamp of truth. Taken together with the information given to the writer of these articles, during the Parnell Commission, by former associates of McDermott's in Paris, we venture to think that the adventures of the "Docktor" in Stockholm are all marked with the stamp of "Red Jim's" character, and of his exploits as an agent of the secret service.

During the course of the Parnell Commission many efforts were made by Mr. Davitt to find out the whereabouts of McDarmott. Inquiries were instituted in Hamburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and other of his haunts, but without avail. Rumors were abroad that the *Times* intended to produce him as a witness to prove the dynamite plots of 1883, and to implicate some of the Land Leaguers, upon whom he had called when in Dublin and in Cork, after his advent to Ireland in that year. Unfortunately for the case of the traversers, McDermott was not put forward; and the Commission terminated without anything concerning "Red Jim's" doings being brought before Sir James Hannen, save what Mr. Davitt succeeded in interjecting during his cross examination of the late Capt. Plunkett.

The search for McDermott was continued, nevertheless, and early in this year he appeared in London in reply to an advertisement inserted in the *Daily Telegraph* by one who had been intimately associated with him in the secret service. Finally, on May 31 last, an interview between him and Mr. Davitt took place, at the house of the friend who had advertised. It lasted three hours, during which time Red Jim did all the talking.

He endeavored to satisfy his listener that he was not half as black as he had been painted; and to convince him that the government had agents inside of every organization, secret or open, in Ireland, Great Britain and the United States. He admitted that Featherstone, Deasy, Flanagan, O'Connor, alias Dalton, and Egan, who was tried with Daly, were innocent, and could and should be released; but he pretended that divulging the manner in which their arrest and conviction were brought about, would implicate Earl Spencer and Sir W. Harcourt. This Mr. Davitt refused to believe, and he appealed strongly to McDermott to speak out or to place such information before Mr. Home Secretary Matthews as would establish the innocence of the men whom he (McDermott) had ensnared. This he promised to do. He dwelt upon the bad life he had led heretofore; the threats which were being made from time to time by persons in New York to assassinate him, and of his desire to atone to some extent for the wrong he had done. He declared 'Red Jim McDermott was dead," and that another and a reformed man lived in his place.

It was in this connection that Mr. Davitt made the proposal, which McDermott mentioned in his interview with the London correspondent of the New York *Sun* on the eve of the appearance of the *Labor World;* namely, that if McDermott would hand over the documents proving the innocence of Featherstone and the others, Mr. Davitt would encourage the belief that Red Jim was really dead in order to help him to that extent to elude the vengeance of those whom he believed to be on his track.

The interview terminated by McDermott promising to go for the documents necessary to establish the innocence of his victims.

Three months went by, and never a word came from the "repentant" spy. He was in England all the time, and mixing in fashionable society under his French name.

The writer has been informed, but cannot vouch for the truth of the statement, that McDermott had an interview with the home secretary, following the interview which he had had with Mr. Davitt.

Finally Mr. Davitt received the following letter:

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Sept. 5, 1890.—*Dear Sir:* When I was in England I had a long interview with ——, who represented certain views of yours anent the subject of the interview I had with you at his house. The subject has ever since caused me not a little mental calculation, and I confess to you, frankly, that up to this I have not been able to see my way clearly. To the end that I may possibly do so I write this to say that I will be in England for several days longer, and will make it my convenience to see you personally anywhere you suggest. I wish to say also, frankly, that I wish to see you without the intermediary of any officials or semi officials. I trust few men, but *I will you.* If this is agreeable and convenient, be good enough to drop me a line, indicating where and when we can see each other *alone* as follows——

It may be that my friend may be absent from home in the North when your letter arrives, in which event I may not get it for several days; but get it I will, and respond to it as soon as possible. I will surely. Yours, etc., "JIM"

P.S.—Indicate to no one that you know I am present in England.

Mr. Davitt, having been duly informed of McDermott's whereabouts (and Scotland Yard associations) during the time in which the spy, in his letters, pretended he had been "absent from England," satisfied himself that "Jim" way playing a double part, as usual, and replied, as follows, to the above:

263 STRAND, Sept. 7, 1890.—*Sir:* I have received your letter of the 5th, in which you ask for an interview. I am fully convinced by this time that you have no serious or honest intention of fulfilling the promise you made to me when I met you in ——. The time which you have allowed to go by without taking any steps whatever to help to effect the liberation of the men whom you entrapped, satisfies me that you are only playing your old game and attempting to fool me by professions and delays.

I only consented to see you on the occasion to which you refer, because I believed I could possibly awake in you a feeling that might induce you to perform an act of reparation to the men whom you sent into, and still keep, in penal servitude. I confess I believed after the interview that I had evoked such a feeling in your breast. I believe so no longer. I am pretty accurately informed of your doings and movements since that interview, and the position of some of the persons upon whom you have called satisfies me you will not agree to speak the truth, or place in my hands the documents which would establish the innocence of Featherstone and the others who fell victims to your infernal snares.

Believe me, you are not acting wisely in your own interests in trying to play upon me the too clever by half dodge. I can, and will, prove your work in the conviction of these men. The information in my possession now will enable me to do this without your assistance. You have had a chance of doing one manly act of justice and reparation. You have let that chance go by.

The people of England will insist on the release of your victims when they are convinced that, with the aid of secret service funds, you enticed these men into dynamite plots. I can prove it, and will shortly do so to the hilt, with or without your aid.

Now, I give you one more chance. I will see you on the night of the 15th inst. at the Waterloo Railway station restaurant, Richmond and Windsor platform, at 9 o'clock. Bring the promised papers with you, or do not come. On the week following the public of these three countries, and of America, will learn what I know and think of Jim McDermott if he still refuses to help in the liberation of the men whom he was instrumental in consigning to prison.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LONESOME LAND.

That of the Isles of Arran for the Episcopalian Clergyman Quartered on Arranmore.

Miss Banim Describes Some of the Peculiarities that Distinguish the Great Natural Breakwaters.

THE ARRAN ISLES.

In the old days of Galway, when the Anglo-Norman sway was all powerful in that city, among its by-laws the following was enacted by the prudent citizens: "That none do presume to enter into any house of banckett without he be convided (invited); and if he be convided, to have his billet under the convider's hand, on payne of a crowne."

This by law never reached the "wild Irish" on Arran, among whom the title of "stranger" is to this day billet enough to gain hospitality.

The bell calling passengers to return on board had rung three times before the tourists reluctantly began to obey its summons, and we turned our steps to the Atlantic Hotel to see what accommodation had been provided for us.

At the hotel door we were met by the landlady, a rather comely little woman, with fair, wavy hair, and dressed in the ordinary dress of an Irish peasant matron. No letter had been received from me (I saw it arrive when I had been some days on the island), but I need not have been so anxious lest the rush of tourists should leave us to seek beds in one of the ancient forts. I was shown up to a little bedroom, not very luxuriantly furnished, but bright and cheerful and as fresh and as plenty of good air coming in through the open window from the sea beneath could make it.

Before our hostess left us we got a first taste of the charming Robinson Crusoe unsophisticatedness, for, having informed Mrs. Macdara that we meant to spend a week or two as her guests, I naturally inquired the weekly tariff of the hotel. The reply quite took away my breath. "Why, then, sure a wan of me knows, Miss; sure, we'll think abot it, and in the meantime I'll bring you a cup of tea—we can settle the rest anytime." When it came to the "settling" point the manner of arranging was equally unlike the outer world. "Well, then," said our hostess, "would you think (naming a most moderate sum) too much?" "Ah, then, dear knows it's enough!" interposed a daughter standing by, in a tone that clearly implied she considered it quite too much.

Not caring to go strolling about until the crowd of excursionists—who could, at most, only be allowed three hours on the island—should have left in the

"CITTIE OF THE TRIBES,"

I sat down at my open window to enjoy the air, the scene, and the novelty of all that surrounded me. Scarcely a single Arran woman was to be seen going about, though one would have supposed that they would flock around to watch the unusual sight of some three hundred tourists, many of whom were sure to be in the height of the fashion. But no; the women and girls kept discreetly and quietly within doors and did not "demean" themselves by going about staring and gaping. From my window I looked right down on the pretty harbor, where two or three hookers lay beside the wharf; some half dozen corraghs were drawn up on the beach, while one or two flew lightly over the wavelets of the incoming tide; the "Cittie of the Tribes" was still at anchor at the very farthest point of the wharf, beyond which stretched the wide, blue bay, with the lighthouse on its little island, and the Clare coast rose dim and shadowy through a soft haze.

On taking a good look round my little chamber, I received a shock which made me for a moment think of using my return ticket and going straight back to Galway. Now, before coming out, I had seriously considered over a fashionable item in my traveling suit. In the first place, I well knew that in a walk of five or six miles over the stony hills of Arran I must of necessity cross about four hundred stone walls, and I naturally concluded that in the continual getting over or squeezing through tiny loopholes in these stone walls a "Dress Improver" (ladies will understand) would be neither graceful nor convenient. Then, I was going amongst simple, innocent, uncorrupted young island maidens; was I to bring to their shores such a horrible corrupter of grace and simplicity into the midst of such pastoral innocence of all the vagaries of fashion? Never! I could never forgive myself if, a week after my arrival, I saw the graceful, modest shawls and skirts of

THE PEASANT MAIDENS

bulged out in the fashion of not four years ago; perhaps overhear a young sister whisper softly the other as they came out of the chapel: "Ill go on a little before, asthore; do you see if my dress improver is straight."

I courageously drew one—two—three—four bars of steel from out the folds of my costume, and locked them in a trunk, and felt so free and untrammelled once the deed was done that I have never seen the things since. What, then, must have been the shock I felt when, taking note of all the belongings of my room in the primitive (very primitive) hotel of Arranmor, I beheld, hanging behind the door, a feminine costume with the unmistakable bulge out in its skirt and saw the well-known rows that marked the bars of steel!

I still cherish my childhood's Crusoe, with the hero pictured on the cover, his face wearing the look of horror brought there at the sight of one footprint on the sand. This must have been something of my expression as I still gazed on what had given me such a shock, for, the door opening, a young girl coming timidly in, stood looking at me for a moment. "Oh! I was afraid you might want something," she said, so gently and softly, with such an unmistakably kind look in the grey eyes, that—seeing this girl, at all events, had none of the fashionable thing about her—I made up my mind to stay, and at once set to work to make friends with Mary and to inquire all about the ways and means of seeing every spot on Arran, and to plan endless excursions of the kind I like best of any in the world.

The steamer, with its freight of main landers, being now well out in the bay, we set forth to take a first look around. The pier ended a few yards to the right, the sea was in front, and to the left were two roads branching off—one led up the village, and the second turned down behind the hotel and led away by a white strand to the south of the island.

Choosing to round the harbor, we found that, near the end, there was a road to the left branching off by a long shingly beach, where the waves stole in softly and quietly, making a pleasant little stir and rattle among the stones, the sea looking a lovely azure under the cloudless August sky, every boat on the surface reflected sharply in the water below. To the south, the middle island stretched along, seeming like a foreshore to the bold cliffs and headlands of the county Clare. To the north, I looked

ACROSS TO CONNEMARA,

and it is perhaps from Arran that one has the most exquisite view of Ireland's loveliest mountains, the Twelve Pins of Binabola. On such an evening, when the August sun is brilliant, yet low enough in the sky to strike right across at the mountains, the air has that rarified clearness in which every object appears as if cut out, so distinctly is each defined against the sky.

On and on we strolled by the sea shore, alternately watching the charmed fairy-land across the water, or looking around the strange—land I cannot call it, but strange stone country in which we found ourselves. The naked rock shelves upwards almost at once from the eastern side; stone—stone—stone everywhere, except in one spot where a few low trees, just above this beach, surround the parsonage and the little Protestant church. With one exception, the parson is, I should say, the rich man of the island. He has an income of £125 per annum from the Church Temporalities, and £45 from the Irish Church Missions, but his life must be a sadly lonely one, his congregation consisting of an occasional coast guardsman or policeman, while the people of the island are all Catholics.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

AN AMERICAN TOUR.

Breezy and Bracing Narrative of an Eastern Trip by Mr. Thomas R. Nelson, of this City.

[This interesting communication was, by accident, overlooked for several weeks, but THE CITIZEN need offer no apology for presenting Mr. Nelson's breezy story to its readers even at this late day. Mr. Nelson would make a capital newspaper man.]

[*To the Editor.*]

NEW SHOREHAM, R. I., Sept. 1, 1890.

My letter is dated as above from New Shoreham—(not because that is the name of the place at which I am, but because it sounds better than the name by which it is at present known—Block Island.)

We left Chicago on Thursday evening, Aug. 7th, 1890, on the Grand Trunk Railway en route for the east. Our train, which should have left that evening at 6 o'clock, as advertised, did not leave the Dearborn street station until the clock was recording the hour of 10. It was indeed an imposition on the public who purchased tickets of the above mentioned road.

During our detention at the depot, and in the great crush and rush, you would see your friends one minute and in another they were gone, only to meet after the excitement had ceased. Finally our train drew nigh and we boarded a sleeper, which, on close inspection, proved to be one of those Wagner coaches of an antique period, which indeed is a horror to travelers of this nineteenth century.

Nothing of interest occurred en route until the following day at 3:30, when we caught a glimpse of the great and only Niagara. We viewed the falls from the Canadian shore after which we were driven across the suspension bridge to obtain a closer view of this famous cataract. We were an hour viewing the splendid scenery here alone displayed on every side, after which we retraced our steps to the queen's dominions.

One word about refreshments. It is a peculiar feature in traveling that one gets hungry and athirst, in one place as well as another. We found it so in Canada. We tried a meal. It was of such quality that we could not appreciate it, and left unrefreshed.

Our next stopping place was Kingston which we reached at 3 o'clock next morning. At this point we boarded the steamer Corinthian of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co's. line. Then began our journey down the St. Lawrence passing the Thousand Islands and the smaller rapids of this famous river. After a pleasant sail during the forenoon and early portion of the afternoon until about 4 P. M., as we were nearing Cotesu, a heavy storm was then brewing and our pilot ran us into the above named place where we stood moored to the wharf for more than an hour while it rained in torrents.

On looking out onto this wharf I could see nothing further than the old wharf extending out into the Lake St. Francis. As for a town, I could see none and stood and wondered why we were kept so long in this desolate looking place. To become better acquainted with the situation we made it a point to find the purser. Finding him we asked how soon we would reach Montreal. He answered, "How long are you going to live?" I said "That is indefinite." To which he in turn answered, "it is also indefinite as to what time you will reach Montreal." He further added that he "had sent one of his men to walk ten acres." Which we supposed was the distance to the nearest telegraphic point.

After the arrival of this messenger bringing the news that the train was waiting for us, they lowered the gang plank and we were all allowed to pass once more onto terra firma. It did indeed rain, and through all this we had to carry our grips and pass in places where the soil was so soft that it was anything but pleasant on foot. After walking for at least ten or fifteen minutes we came to the principal street on which were a couple of grocery stores and a few straggling residences. From here we passed through a narrow lane with its tall grasses to our train.

Here everything was confusion. All tried to get into one car. I looked from one car to another, looking for the one which I had occupied in the morning and in which my baggage yet remained, but was unable to find it. The first car into which I entered I espied some valises set in the rear of the same, and as all seats were occupied, they were the best under the circumstances, so I and another Chicago tourist took possession. This was about 7:30 P. M of Saturday, Sept. 9th.

We reached Montreal that night at 11:30. The first thing which we did was to hunt our sleeper, which we found after a half hour's diligent search. The next thing in order was to see what we could get in the way of a lunch. We accordingly adjourned to the New Bonaventure station of the Grand Trunk railway, an imposing depot, and entered the dining room. We learned that if a person wished to travel in Canada it was necessary to be conversant with the French tongue or bring along an interpreter. A gentleman in our party came to our assistance and through him we made our wants known. After a light meal, which was all that could be obtained, we wended our way back to the sleeper.

At about 5 A. M. we bade adieu to Montreal, leaving on the Grand Trunk via Portland. At 7:30 A. M. we had then made about thirty five miles. We were all startled to learn that an accident had happened to a section of the train in front of us. A lamp had exploded and the sleeper was in flames. We witnessed its destruction. No lives were lost, but clothing and baggage to a great extent were destroyed. This mishap delayed us a couple of hours. It was amusing to see the people, both sexes, carrying huge loaves of bread, while a stray Frenchman hurried through the cars with only one word seemingly impressed on his mind as that of the raven which was "never more," but his was different, it was not English it was French. Life with us was too short to study its interpretation. We purchased not of his wares.

After leaving the dominions of her majesty, one is pleased to again see the stars and stripes, under whose protection we journeyed the balance of our way from the mountains to the sea. We ate dinner, a Sunday dinner, at a charming little place called Island Pond. On getting off at the station we found carriages in waiting, which were freely at our disposal to carry us to the various hotels. This showed us that we had once more landed on Yankee soil. We were driven to the hotel at a breakneck speed and landed rather emphatically on the verandah. We enjoyed this meal. Upon leaving we were invited into the same vehicle to return to the train, but not being positive about the clauses of our accident policies we declined, and wended our way on foot.

Passing through Vermont we passed several towns, all evidencing thrift and prosperity, and with charming scenery on all sides. Thus passed the afternoon. We had left Vermont and were now in New Hampshire, and the balance of the day we spent in the White mountains, winding along its valleys and canons until our attention was drawn to the fact that we would soon get a glimpse of the highest mountain in the east—Mount Washington. It was indeed an imposing sight, and to one who has seen the famous Pike's Peak, it led you to believe that it had some of the grandeur of that gigantic monarch of the Rockies.

We reached Portland, Maine, at 9:30 Sunday evening, where we put up at the Hotel Falmouth and rested the night. Next morning at 7 o'clock we had our breakfast, and with grips in hand we started for the steamer which was to convey us to Boston. Our trip down the coast of Maine was very enchanting. The weather was all that could be desired. The balmy breezes laden with sea salt flavor filled our lungs with life-giving power. It was neither too warm nor too cool, and after being cooped up in close quarters so long it was a luxury to tread the deck of the noble steamer and enjoy the ever changing views on the coast.

We passed successively Old Orchard Beach, Wentworth House, Isle of Shoals, Rye Beach, and Manchester-by-the-Sea, reaching Boston Monday evening, Aug. 11th, four days after leaving Chicago. Unfortunately Boston at this time was over crowded, and pleasant accommodations could not be had for love or money. We tarried here viewing objects of interest and the special decorations erected by the Grand Army at their reunion, as much as possible during our brief stay, for that same evening we left on the Old Colony railroad for Providence, R. I. An hour and ten minutes' ride landed us at the latter place. Here we put up at the Narragansett House, at which we were successful in obtaining good quarters. The next morning we breakfasted at 8 o'clock, after which we packed our grips and started for the steamer Mount Hope, en route for Block Island. Passing down Narragansett Bay we glided by Jamestown and Narragansett Pier until we reached the resort of all others—famous Newport.

T. E. NELSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

To restore, thicken, and give you a luxuriant growth of hair, to keep its color natural as in youth, and to remove dandruff, use only Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

A STRANGE MEETING

It was pitch dark when Eugene awoke again. As far as he could see, he was in the same cabin in which he had previously been confined. But it was thick blackness around him. He could only imagine where he was by the position of the window, which gave no light now, but showed merely that the darkness inside was of a different color from that outside. So at least it seemed to him.

The vessel was pitching and tossing terrifically; a furious wind was blowing; a hurricane seemed to be sweeping the breast of the sea; and the ship appeared to be tumbling about rudderless—now ascending on the crest of an enormous wave, and again sinking on her side as if she were going to the bottom. The heavy waves, striking her with the force of hundreds of tons, seemed to make her stagger, more than sail, through the sea. All this appeared to him dimly, and as if more in a dream than otherwise. But he was too ill and weak to take further note of it. He was vaguely conscious that he was lashed to his hammock, and with this feeling of safety palpable to his languid perceptions, passed back into his former state of sleep or unconsciousness.

He was aroused again by the sound of voices in his ears. The gale had moderated and the ship seemed to be striving more easily through the water.

"Do you think he will recover?"

"I should think so. His weakness arises chiefly from loss of blood."

"Where is he wounded?"

"A grape shot passed through his side, and a splinter of wood or something of that kind has given him a contused wound on the forehead, bursting an old cicatrice—which makes it the more difficult to cure."

"A former wound?"

"Yes, a sword cut or sweep of a cutlass in some engagement. What is he?"

"A prisoner—one of those French officers that are in the habit of passing in spite of all we can do between Ireland and France. *He* was over in connection with the late expedition."

"You are not particularly anxious about his recovery in that case?"

"Quite the contrary, I am. There is good metal in the fellow, for he refused his life at our hands, which we offered him on condition of his giving information about these confounded Irishmen, and he volunteered to stay on deck during the, fight, and aid the wounded."

"That is a good deal in his favor."

"There is something more, however; we have received a message from the admiralty to send him ashore as soon as he is able after we return to Plymouth to refit. He is to be sent on board the hulks as a prisoner—exchange being refused. There is some importance attached to his safe keeping by the people at headquarters—why, I don't know."

"When do you propose to return?"

"We must cruise up and down within easy sail of the harbor for some weeks—if we can keep afloat so long—there being no vessel to relieve us. All the ships are busy watching the French and Spanish coasts, and we must keep guard here if we do not go to the bottom, which is likely enough in our present disabled and short handed condition.

"It will be some time before he can be removed," said the doctor—for it was he and the captain who had held the conversation—as he took the hand of the apparent sleeper, whose closed eyes and white, bloodless face indicated a state of coma. "It will take weeks before he can be moved, without danger, from where he lies."

"But there is no doubt of his ultimate recovery?"

"No, I should think not. He has youth and strength on his side. And his wound, though severe, is only dangerous from the consequent loss of blood."

"I would be sorry anything should happen him. Apart from the courage and spirit of the lad, the headquarters people are so interested in him that I should wish you to pay him particular attention. He is, I fancy, of high importance in France—some great family or some connection of one of the directory—and our people want to keep him as a hostage or something of that kind."

"I shall pay special attention to him, you may depend, captain."

"Do. I shall take it as a favor."

"It will be necessary to place some person in attendance upon him. Have you anyone you could spare for the purpose?"

"I fancy some of the men newly pressed—and who are not for the present of much service—might be utilized for the purpose. I shall speak of the matter to the lieutenant."

"Have you none of those who were taken with him?"

"No, they have been sent into other vessels as able bodied seamen. Our men are running scarce, and we must, wherever we can, force prisoners into our service at sea, as we may not do so on land."

"He will need special care, for, although his wound is not dangerous—or, at least, not likely to prove fatal—he is weak through loss of blood. Have you none of his countrymen who could be put in charge of him? These Irish understand one another better than strangers. He might not receive the attention he needs at the hands of our people."

"No doubt. I shall make inquiries when I go on deck. Meantime I suppose we can do no more now."

"No; I don't see that we can."

They moved away, and Eugene was left alone. His mind was too weak for much thinking; but, in the semi-comatose state there was one idea vaguely palpable to his mind—palpable, mainly, because of the danger and terror which surrounded or accompanied it.

The hulks! This was the name that carried terror to his heart. He well knew what imprisonment therein meant. He had known young officers, brave, buoyant, and light hearted before being taken prisoners and confined therein, and he had seen them, after a year, return—old men; every feature in their faces, every muscle in their bodies, changed by the dreadful hardships they had endured; their black hair changed to grey, their erect forms bowed and decrepid, the light and brightness gone from their hearts. Frenchmen shuddered at the idea of these prison hells, and Eugene almost incapable of thinking though he was, dreaded the fate in store for him.

Death by the foeman's hand at the yard arm, death by the sweeping grape of his friendly countrymen, death by the sinking of the vessel in which he was confined—any death at all—would have been preferable to this new outlook. With a prayer for relief from this destiny, more fervent than had passed his lips for a long time previously, Eugene again fell into a doze.

He was awakened again by a fumbling at his door, and a step on the floor thereafter. He was too weak and indolent to raise his eyes, and too indifferent to care who it was. Some person with food which he could not eat, or, perhaps, coming to make inquiries.

The new comer, however, advanced over to him and laid his hand on his breast.

"Are you awake? Here is a glass of brandy for you, my poor fellow! It will strengthen you. And from your bandaged head I have no doubt you need it. Awake! It is not everyone on board the Thunderer that gets so valuable a present, I can tell you."

Eugene awoke and turned his eyes on the speaker.

His misty dreaming had in some way turned to Seamore. He was speaking with Helen Barrington, and her voice was in his ears as he awoke. But when he turned his dim and dull eyes on the stranger a new brightness and energy shot from them, and an exclamation of mingled gladness and astonishment burst from his lips!

The attendant for a time stood still with equal astonishment; a look of recognition grew also into his eyes. In the surprise, which well nigh paralyzed him, he let the glass and its precious contents fall. Unheeding of which, however, he pushed the bandage with one hand from the forehead of the invalid, hastily as if doubting even yet the evidence of his senses, and cried:

"In the name of all that is wonderful and astonishing, is it here I find you, Eugene? For Heaven's sake, speak! and say if it is really you I see!"

But Eugene was unable to speak. His emotions, combined with his weak state, were too much for him; and in the effort to raise himself on his elbow to grasp the other's hand, he fell back once more on his wooden couch.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN DOUBT.

It was a long time before Helen had recovered from the illness into which she was thrown by the information given her by Moya. For many weeks she hovered on the confines of life and death. Finally the former, aided by her youth and strength, triumphed, and she was at last on the fair road to recovery. Trevor Mortimer, as soon as she was able to move about, took herself and Miss Howard on short journeys when the days were fine; and his presence, together with the air of the Dublin mountains and the fresh breeze from the sea, by imperceptible degrees began to bring the roses once more back to her cheeks.

On these occasions her mind was withdrawn from the incident that preceded her illness; but when left alone she invariably recurred to her visit to the old fortune teller and the extraordinary information she had learned thereat. At times she was inclined to trust it implicitly; at others she rebelled against the possibility of its being true.

"Could Eugene, so generous, so frank, so brave to all seeming and appearance, conceal under so fair an exterior such malignant intentions? It was impossible. Even if he did, why should he bear enmity to Redmond? They had had no quarrel. There was nothing to explain it—there was no motive to be even suggested. But then, again, what *had* become of Redmond? He went away in Eugene's company—why had he not returned? That he should have voluntarily gone away without acquainting anyone in Seamore and have remained away, was wholly out of the question."

These considerations landed Helen once more in a sea of suspense and doubt perfectly agonizing.

It was whilst sitting one evening, thus calling up surmises pro and con, that Sir Trevor Mortimer was announced. He was immediately admitted.

"I am sorry to hear, dear Helen, that you are about leaving."

"It was only yesterday I made up my mind to accept Kate's invitation to Inch for a few months. I feel as if I should never get well here. I feel a load of trouble constantly on my heart—and Kate advises me it is only change of scene that can remove it. Everything reminds me so of poor Redmond. The only thing that reconciles me to the present is the hope that some day he may come back. I am sure he will. Don't you think he will?"

"I should be, my dear Helen," he said with gentle kindness, "delighted to be able to answer in the way you wish. But I feel I should be only aiding to keep you in the state of suspense that is so injurious to you, and stating that I do not believe, if I were to say so."

"You do not believe——" said Helen with a shudder.

"I believe it would be the wisest thing for you to accept the inevitable, my dear Helen. It was an ill night that brought strangers to Seamore—ill for you, and very near being worse than ill for me."

"It could not be true what old Moya told me. You surely do not believe that?" asked the young girl earnestly.

"I have not heard what she said, dear Helen, so I cannot speak as to its probability or possibility."

"She said—if I remember her words aright, but I was so greatly frightened that I should not be surprised if I did not—that it was his hand that struck you at the orchard gate. Surely that could not be the case?"

"I am reluctant to believe it, but the circumstances force me to do so."

"Circumstances?"

"Yes. Firstly, it was his knife that was used. That there is no question of, and that proves nearly everything."

"What motive could he have? Would it not be absurd to think that he, an utter stranger, should on the occasion of his first visit since his childhood to Seamore, strike one whom he had never seen before, with intent to kill—for I believe there can be no doubt it was with that intent the blow was struck."

"Very little doubt, indeed," said Trevor Mortimer, and, as he spoke, his eyes sank in deep reflection, and, for the moment, unconscious of even her presence, shone with a gleam of frightful hatred and ferocity. So malignant was the unconscious exhibition of vindictiveness—that evolvement of the feelings that actuated him for the moment—that Helen shrank from him in terror.

He noticed the movement, and, at once withdrawing himself from his reverie, knew what occasioned it, and apologized.

"You must pardon me, dear Helen," he said, "if feelings of indignation stir up within me at the remembrance of that cowardly and treacherous attempt on my life. I would fain forget it—if I cannot well forgive it—but your words bring the remembrance of it fresh before me. As to motive for it—there was the knowledge with him that you and I, dear Helen, stood on terms closer than mere friendship. The knowledge that I was blessed with the affection of one of the best and sweetest, as well as the loveliest of her sex ——"

He made a movement as if to take hold of her hand and kiss it, but there was a palpable feeling of embarrassment on her part which stayed him.

"As I have heard since," said he, after an awkward pause, "he was no stranger to all this. He had been seen skulking—I believe that is the proper word to use—about the neighborhood some days before he introduced himself here. He came over from France, an adventurer, with the intention of seeking the hand and the wealth of the heiress of Seamore; and, finding me in his way—for he made himself acquainted with all that related to the place—he, creeping behind me with the murderer's stealthy step, did not scruple to remove me out of his path with the blow that his hand was too weak effectually to give."

"How did you learn this?" asked Helen faintly, shocked beyond measure at his words.

"From one who by accident saw him—from one who by the merest chance saw the blow struck."

"When did you learn this?"

"Almost the first day I was able to go out."

"Why did you not tell this before, Sir Trevor?"

"Dear Miss Barrington—forgive me, dear Helen—why should I disturb the peacefulness and enjoyment of Seamore by a public disclosure and scandal of this character? Why should I bring public attention and trouble on a quiet home, and disturb the sanctity and sacredness of its privacy by having the eye of the law drawn to it? If I did not mention it—as I now believe I should have done—it was because the comfort and peace of mind of those at Seamore were dearer to me than my own life."

He spoke with such warmth and eloquence, and there was such tenderness and care for her in his words, that the girl's heart was touched, and the tears of warm affection welled into her eyes.

"I did indeed intend," he continued, "some day to make Redmond the confidante of my secret, but the occasion or the opportunity did not arise. It was only on the eve of the fatal—of the disappearance, I mean—of your brother that I had finally made up my mind at all hazards, to inform him."

"It perhaps would be well if you had," said Helen, her tears of affection rapidly changing into those of bitter sorrow. "But do you really think that Redmond will not return?"

"The fact of his disappearing so mysteriously—and what I have already told you—leads me to infer the worst. I fear it would be only keeping you in useless suspense, dear Helen, if I were to say otherwise. I would to heaven I could."

Helen wept silently for some time. The world seemed reversed to her; it seemed as if there were no reliance or trust to be placed anywhere, and that the fairest seeming and appearances only covered what was false, treacherous, and untrue.

"Turning from these matters, which only distress you to no purpose and to no good, dear Helen, will you forgive me if I refer to what concerns us both, and what is and has been pressing closest to my heart?"

He paused, either waiting for her to speak or to give himself time the better to express what he was about to say; but if the former he paused in vain, for Helen still wept in silence.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Mediae Noctis Consilium.

An Reim-sgeal.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-M FAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

Mór 's Mairsile a macnas múchtadh,
Mór-chuid maga orra a fochuaid fúghamse.
Is glodamach, sámh, tá Sáinge 's Sighile,
Sisile 's Ainne, 's ál na d-timpcheall,
'S tuille mar táid de mhná na tire,
'S mise mar táim, gan ál, gan síolrach.
Is fada gan feidhm me, 'sas foighneadh damhsa é,
An galar am leaghadh 'sau liaghas am chomhachtadh,
Maille le lufbheannadh dibhligh dreoighte,
'S arthannadh draoigheachta chlaoidhfeadh fós dam,
Buachaill deas nó gas galántadh,
Bhuaidhfeadh ceart a sheare 'sa ghradh dham,
Do chonare go leor do'n t-sórt dá dhéanadh,
'S chuirfinn a g-cóir na cómhangair ché ádna.
Is daingean an cómhnadh dúbailt daoine,
Greamannadh d úbhladh 's púchdar luibheannadh,
An magairlin meaghrach, 's míol na m-bualtadh,
An taithigh'a taidhbhseach, toill na d-tuartadh,
Mealladh na mínseach, claoidh na m-búnsach,
An cumainfe buidh 'san draoigheacht chum drúise,
Duilleabhar dóighte, dar n-dóith, 'agur sáu é,
'S tuille do's t-sórt nach cóir a mhúnadh.
Dob' fongnadh mór a d-Tuamhain le chéile,
An aingir seo shuas a bu adhenant céile,
'S gur inis sí dhamhsa, dar n-dóith, tré rún,
Am inid 'sí pósta o bt órd na samhan,
Nár ibh, 's nár ól, as fóghantach fionn,
Acht cuile na móna dóighte air lúin.
Is fada me foighneadh,—faghaimse fuasgailt,
Seachain air mhoill me,—soighead chum luadhais é,
Muna bh-fuil liaghas dam threighid ad chuaird-se,
Cuirfeadh me faghairt a bh-feidhm más eruaidh dham.

[DEIRE AN REIM-SGEAL.]

An Dara Roinn—The Second part, will follow next week.

M. CREAN.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CALLAN—On Oct. 28, Mary, youngest daughter of the late Patrick Callan, Esq., Courtney Hill, Newry.

KEANG—Oct. 24, Michael, eldest son of the late Timothy Keane, of Ballygran, Charleville.

KIRWAN—At Rathfarnham, Oct. 30, Margaret, relict of the late Nicholas Kirwan, aged 83

LAMB—At No. 10 Brabazon street, Dublin, Oct. 29, Mary Jane, second eldest daughter of Patrick Callan and widow of the late Alban Lamb, aged 26 years.

MCHUGH—At his residence, No. 18 Lower Gloucester street, Dublin, Oct. 30, Hugh McHugh, late of Tuam.

MCKEANEY—At Analore street, Clones, Sarah, widow of the late John M'Keaney, aged 86.

MANGAN—Oct. 30, Anna, wife of William Mangan, and daughter of the late Joseph Casey, J.P., Rathkeale.

O'GRADY—At Errinagh, Castleconnell, county Limerick, Oct. 28, Henry Deane O'Grady, aged 91.

REIDY—At the Convent of Mercy, Athlone, Oct. 25, Lilia (in religion Sister Mary Cecelia), only daughter of the late Jeremiah Reidy, Sligo.

SAYERS—At his residence, No. 10 Upper Mayor street, Dublin, Oct. 30, John, second son of David Sayers, Bray, for some years joiner in the London & Northwestern Railway Company.

BURNE—At No. 10 Ontario terrace, Dublin, Oct. 29, Patrick Burke, late of Midleton, county Cork, aged 80.

KINANE—At his residence, Main street, Tipperary, Oct. 30, Mathew Kinane.

RYAN—At Ballyhobin, Ballybrood, Co. Limerick, Oct. 29, in his 88th year, Thos. Ryan.

TALLON—Oct. 30, Elizabeth (Bessie), daughter of the late James Tallon, of No. 6 Frederick lane, South, Dublin.

TIERNEY—On Oct. 30, John Tierney, Cappy, Knockbrice, Bailieboro, county Cavan.

Arthur M. Forrester's Poems.

"An Irish Crazy Quilt: Smiles and and Tears woven into Song and Story," is the quaint title under which Arthur M. Forrester, of Boston, is about to publish a collection of his poems. Mr. Forrester has written some of the best ballads and lyrics it has been our good fortune to read in recent years. His "Emperor's Ring" and "Maine and Mayo" are unique. He is one of a family of poets, his mother, Ellen Forrester, having been among the most beloved of Irish song writers. Who does not know "The Irish Widow's Message to Her Son?" His sister, the late Fanny Forrester, was a frequent contributor to the English and Irish magazines. Orders for his book, which will be a handsome volume of 300 pages, at $1 per copy, may be sent to the author, No. 90 I street, South Boston, or to *The Pilot* office.

Children's Literature.

Victor Hugo calls this "the woman's century," and he might have added that it is the children's century as well, for never before in the world's history has so much thought been paid to children—their schools, their books, their pictures, and their toys. Childhood, as we understand it, is a recent discovery.

Up to the time of the issue of the *St. Nicholas Magazine* seventeen years ago literature and children's magazines were almost contradictory terms, but the new periodical started out with the idea that nothing was too good for children; the result has been a juvenile magazine genuine with conscientious purpose—the greatest writers contributing to it, with the best artists and engravers helping to beautify it—and everything tuned to the keynote of youth.

It has been the special aim of *St. Nicholas* to supplant unhealthy literature with stories of a living and healthful interest. In the seventeen years of its life *St. Nicholas* has not only elevated the children, but it has also elevated the tone of contemporary children's literature as well. Many of its stories, like Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," have become classic. It is not too much to say that almost every notable young people's story now produced in America first seeks the light in the pages of that magazine.

The year 1891 will prove once more that "no household where there are children is complete without *St. Nicholas*." J. T. Trowbridge, Noah Brooks, Charles Dudley Warner, and many well known writers are to contribute during this coming year. One cannot put the spirit of *St. Nicholas* into a prospectus, but the publishers are glad to send a full announcement of the features for 1891 and a single sample copy to the address of any person mentioning this notice. The magazine costs $3 a year. Address The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pin Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U S. Pat. 257 647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

O'SHEA WINS HIS SUIT.

He Secures a Divorce and the Custody of His Children.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE SERVANTS.

How Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea Visited Behind Locked Doors—The Irish Leader Condemned—The Counter-Charge of Connivance in the Crime Against Capt. O'Shea Dismissed—What the Leading London Papers Say of the Case.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—The hearing of evidence for the prosecution in the O'Shea divorce case was resumed by Mr. Justice Butt in the divorce court Monday morning. The first witness offered to the prosecution was a servant who had been employed at the Eltham residence. After a few unimportant questions had been propounded and answered, the witness testified that he had on one occasion discovered Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea to be locked up in the drawing room, the latter had explained to her that the locking of the door while she was closeted with Mr. Parnell was necessary. The necessity was in turn explained on the hypothesis that the agents of secret societies, hostile to Mr. Parnell's political plans were everwhere about. In reply to sharp questioning by counsel for the plaintiff, the witness told the court that he had been instructed by Mrs. O'Shea in the event of her being questioned by Capt. O'Shea to deny positively that Mr. Parnell had visited the house at Eltham.

Servants on the Witness Stand.

Another servant, the second of the day, was then placed upon the stand. Witness simply testified to having at different times in the year 1880 found Mr. Parnell and the defendant together alone after midnight.

The respondent's former coachman was then called and testified that he had at different times driven Mr. Parnell from Eltham station to Wonersch lodge after midnight. Another former servant was placed upon the stand who testified that during her term of service with Mrs. O'Shea, Mr. Parnell had lived in the same house with that lady. Other witnesses were presented by the prosecution who testified to Mr. Parnell having resided at the house at Eastbourne which Kate O'Shea had taken. It was also shown that the house which Katie had rented at Regent's park had been shared by Mr. Parnell.

Mrs. O'Shea's Sister Testifies.

Mrs. Steele, the sister of the respondent, was now called to the stand and positively denied the charge of adultery with the plaintiff, Capt. O'Shea, set forth in the cross bill. Capt. O'Shea was recalled and testified that he had lived apart from his wife at her express desire, and explicitly denied that he had at any time been guilty of unkindness, in word or act to the defendant. With regard to his having dined with Parnell after having challenged him to a duel in vindication of his honor, the witness said that he had done so because he had become convinced for the time that his suspicions of his wife's criminality with the co-respondent were baseless. Capt. O'Shea concluded his evidence with the statement that he had finally separated from his wife in 1886.

Case for the Prosecution Closed.

At this point Sir Charles Clarke, of counsel for Capt. O'Shea, stated that he believed sufficient evidence to have been adduced by the prosecution to demonstrate the innocence of his client and the culpability of the respondent and co-respondent. He would therefore announce the case for the prosecution as being closed.

Verdict of the Jury.

The defense still being unrepresented, either by the principals thereto or by their counsel, the case was placed in possession of the special jury by Mr. Justice Butt in a few words explanatory of the rules of law and evidence maintaining in suits such as they had here presented for their consideration. Very shortly thereafter the jury rendered their verdict. It finds the respondent, Mrs. O'Shea, to have been guilty of adultery as alleged, and dismisses the countercharge of connivance in the crime made by Mrs. O'Shea against her husband. A decree of divorce, with the costs of the suit and the custody of the younger children is, therefore, awarded to the petitioner, Capt. O'Shea.

The Times Making a Spread.

The case is the talk of London, eclipsing all other topics, and the newspapers have found some difficulty in answering the demands of circulation. The Times is printing the evidence word for word, as in the Tipperary trials, and it is reported that a Times pamphlet will be issued containing a complete narrative of the case when concluded. The statement of counsel that Mr. Parnell rode behind horses named President, Dictator and Home Rule, is commented on by the Conservative press as indicating Mr. Parnell's ambitious designs in the respect to the future of Ireland.

What The Daily Telegraph Says.

The Daily Telegraph, which is said to have the largest circulation of any English newspaper, says Mr. Parnell must, for the present at least, cease to lead the Irish National party. On the other hand the other Irish leaders are reluctant to depose Mr. Parnell, except with his own consent. If he resigns the leadership a commission, headed by Mr. Justin McCarthy, will take charge of Irish affairs.

Murder at Ann Arbor.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Nov. 15.—During the melee Wednesday night between the military company and the students one of the latter—Irving J. Dennison, of Toledo, O.—was struck on the head. His injury was not thought serious until Thursday when it was found that his skull was fractured, and the result was that he died during the day. Who struck the blow is not known. Half a dozen arrests have been made, but all the prisoners were released later for want of proof sufficient to hold them.

The Work of Train Wreckers.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 15.—The Southern Pacific company say they have evidence that train wreckers caused the recent fearful disaster near Salem, Ore., and they offer $5,000 reward for the discovery of the criminals. Their detectives claim that a rail was removed just before the train entered the trestle. The coroner's jury blames the railroad company and attributes the accident to a defective bridge.

George Kessler, middle-weight champion of Montana, and George La Blanche, who claims the world's championship in the class, fought fifteen rounds at Butte, Mont., Monday, and Kessler won.

DEMORALIZED THE BUSINESS.

Strike of the Yardmen of the Peoria and Pekin Union Railway.

PEORIA, Ills., Nov. 18.—Two hundred and thirty men, employed in the yards of the Peoria and Pekin Union railway, embracing all the yard men and freight handlers, struck Monday, seriously demoralizing business. The cause of the strike was the discharge of three men for being as the company claims, ringleaders in a short-lived strike on Saturday owing to the delay of the pay car. The strike is more important to Peoria than the number of men engaged would indicate, as the Peoria and Pekin Union railway handles the freight for all the railroads except three that come into the city.

Will Have to Compromise.

The road handles the coal business of this section to a large extent and stocks of coal in this city are short. If the strike continues a day or two the situation will become serious, as most of the large distilleries and manufacturers along the river would be compelled to shut down and 2,000 or 3,000 men be thrown out of work. The company believes it can fill the places of the strikers, but the chances are that it will be compelled to compromise with the men.

Arrest of Dr. Tumblety.

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 18.—Dr. Francis Tumblety, who is known to the police of all the large cities of America and Europe, and who was under the surveillance of the Scotland Yard force when the Jack the Ripper excitement was at its hight, was arrested in this city Monday night on the charge of being a suspicious character. At the station the doctor was searched, and a large number of valuables were secured from him, amounting in worth to several thousand dollars. In his pocket was a pamphlet containing the names of a number of prominent men, both in this city and elsewhere, and he also carried a letter from a well-known congressman. The testimonials were chiefly devoted to elaborate praise of the doctor's character. In the pamphlet the doctor had an article of printing to the charge advanced against him by the London authorities, and spoke of his escape unscathed from the villifying statements of the newspapers.

Shot by a Woman.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—Max Surskind, a barkeeper in Brand's saloon at North Clark and Erie streets, was shot and fatally wounded by a woman named Olga Hoffman at 1 o'clock Tuesday morning. They had formerly lived together, but quarreled a few months ago and separated. The woman had threatened to kill Surskind since the separation, and Tuesday morning she attempted to execute her threat. As Surskind was entering a basement saloon at North Clark and Ohio streets she fired, the bullet entering the back. Surskind was taken to the Alexian Brothers' hospital, where it was found that he would probably die. The woman was arrested.

Had Threatened to Fire the Barn.

CENTRALIA, Ills., Nov. 18.—A warrant was issued for the arrest of Joe Trunell, charged with setting fire to the hay barn of S. M. Woodward & Co., at Odin, Sunday morning. He was caught near Mount Vernon and given a hearing Monday. He had had some trouble with the proprietors of the Odin Coal company, who are also the owners of the hay barn, and his two brothers-in-law testified that he had threatened to fire the barn to get even. The evidence was considered strong enough to hold him over for the next grand jury. In default of $500 bail he is now in jail.

Will Stop Building Operations.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 18.—The lathers of this city recently demanded an increase of wages from the builders which the latter refused. This refusal resulted in 300 lathers, composing all of the men belonging to Lathers' union No. 2, going on strike Monday morning. The building trades council, upon hearing of the strike, convened, and decided to support the lathers by ordering all men in the building trades to quit work on every building where non-union lathers are employed. A complete stoppage of building may occur unless the builders pay the lathers what they demand.

Killed by a Train.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 18.—A. D. McPherson, a brother of United States Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, and one of the best known men in this section, was run down by an engine and killed at the Covington, Ky., stock yards. He was the live stock agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad company, and was crossing from one track to another when a yard engine struck him. He fell backward between the rails and the wheels cut off both legs below the knee. He was removed to St. Elizabeth hospital, where he died.

Panic in a Theatre.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—There was a panic in the Lyceum theatre, at the corner of Montrose avenue and Leonard street, Williamsburg, Monday night. A large part of an iron railing fell from the first gallery to the orchestra seats. Mrs. Hamilton was crushed to the ground by the falling iron-work. A few men ran to rescue her, while others made a mad rush to escape from the building. The woman was not seriously hurt and the panic soon abated.

The Ohio Election.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Nov. 18.—The official abstract of the vote at the late election has been completed and shows the plurality of Ryan, Rep., to be 10,959. The total vote was 742,972. The official figures do not change the result in the congressional districts. The delegation will stand seven Republicans and fourteen Democrats.

Lock-Out in the Hat Trade.

DANBURY, Conn., Nov. 18.—The 2,000 girls employed in the trimming departments of the eighteen hat factories connected with the Fur Hat Manufacturers' association were locked out Monday morning. Over 5,000 hatters are idle here.

A Monster Protest.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 18.—There will shortly be published in this city a monster protest against the persecution of the Jews. The protest bears the signatures of all the famous literary and professional men of Russia with that of Count Tolstoi at the head of the list.

Pennsylvania Farmers to Organize.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Nov. 18.—The Farmers' Alliance will hold a state convention here on Nov. 26 for the purpose of organizing a state Alliance and electing delegates to the national Alliance convention to be held at Oceola, Fla., Dec. 2.

WILL WED MRS. O'SHEA

Latest Phase of the Celebrated Divorce Case.

THE STEP MR. PARNELL WILL TAKE.

In Order to Save His Reputation and Maintain His Political Position He Will Marry Mrs. O'Shea as Soon as the Proper Time Elapses—A Strong Feeling in Favor of Dillon as an Irish Leader to Succeed Parnell.

LONDON, Nov. 18.—Many strong believers in Parnell clung to the hope to the very last that he would come forward and deny O'Shea's charge, but if the woman in such a case refuses to make any contradiction what can the man do but follow suit? The truth is that Mrs. O'Shea has made up her mind that a marriage shall follow the divorce suit after the usual interval. That being so Parnell could not venture into court to deny anything. But his complete surrender has been a terrible shock to the stricter sect of the Gladstonian party, especially to the venerable leader, who has no toleration for offenses of this description. Parnell may resolve not to give up, but circumstances will be too strong for him. The invasion of O'Shea's home under the disguise of friendship, the son's protests, the long course of deception, the masquerading in the names of Smith, Fox and Preston are calculated to injure a man occupying a foremost position. No political leader in this country has ever survived such an exposure. In the case of Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton both parties asserted their innocence and the jury found a verdict in their favor.

Who Will Be Leader?

It will be just as impossible in the long run for Parnell to lead his party in parliament as it was for Sir Charles Dilke to pursue his public career. Attention, therefore, is centered on the question: "Who will succeed Parnell?" So far as can be judge, there is a strong feeling in favor of Dillon, a man of blameless character, of great parliamentary skill, a brilliant speaker, a devoted and zealous friend of Ireland. Every man who has been brought into personal contact with him is as much impressed by his earnestness and sincerity as by his abilities. William O'Brien is also mentioned, but he lacks the coolness and self-command requisite for the difficult work to be done in parliament. The Irish party generally will for a time stoutly deny that any change is pending, but it must come. Gladstone will not go on with an ally stained with the dirt of a divorce court. Dillon would bring renewed energy into the Irish campaign and arouse fresh enthusiasm. The finger of destiny points to him as the coming man.

Votes of Confidence.

Members of the Irish party say so far as the party is concerned no notice will be taken of the verdict. How it will effect the mass of Irish people these members do not express an opinion. Irish people have all along believed Parnell could and would successfully defend the action. Week after week United Ireland was full of votes of confidence passed by various bodies under that impression. What action these people will take since Parnell has showed the white feather remains to be seen. English Liberals who discussed the verdict say it is no affair of theirs, that Parnell is an Irishman and responsible to Irish people.

Will Marry Mrs. O'Shea.

Arrangements are being made for the marriage of Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea as soon as the divorce is made absolute. Parnell is advised to take this step to save his reputation and maintain his position. It would be impossible for him to maintain his relations with the Liberal leaders without it.

If Mr. Parnell abandons the leadership, it is understood that his successor will enjoy the benefit of his continuous advice. In the meantime it is undeniable that the excessive virulence of the Tory editorials is causing a reaction in public sentiment with regard to Mr. Parnell in connection with recent events.

Powderly Re-Elected.

DENVER, Colo., Nov. 18.—At the evening session of the Knights of Labor convention Mr. Powderly was unanimously re-elected general master workman, Hugh Cavanaugh of Cincinnati, general worthy foreman, and John W. Hayes, secretary and treasurer. The assembly passed a resolution continuing Mr. Powderly's salary at $5,000 per annum, but upon a motion of Mr. Powderly the resolution was reconsidered and the amount reduced to $4,500.

Drove His Wife Insane.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Nov. 18.—Jennie Harrison was adjudged insane Monday. Five years ago she married George Harrison, a son of William Harrison, the millionaire wagon manufacturer. He was dissipated and, by his cruelty, drove her insane and she was taken to the asylum. Later she was discharged as cured. The husband is now out west, a total wreck, and his rich father will have nothing to do with the wife.

The Mob at Work Again.

CORINTH, Miss., Nov. 17.—News comes from Savannah, Tenn., that Ned Stevens, the negro who killed Sheriff Fraley several months ago, has been hung by a mob. He was tried last Friday but the jury failed to agree on a verdict, and he was sent back to jail. At night a mob surrounded the jail, took Stevens out of town, hung him to a tree and riddled his body with bullets.

Investigating Bull Fights.

LONDON, Nov. 18.—The Madrid police have been directed to make and submit an exhaustive report to the minister of justice on the subject of bull fights, with statistics as to the number of fatal accidents in recent years. Some reform is said to be contemplated.

Fatally Wounded a Constable.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Nov. 18.—Reuben McDonald, a constable of Coalmont, this county, while attempting to arrest Harrison A. Spoolman Saturday night, was assaulted by the latter, and received injuries from which he died Monday night. Spoolman has escaped.

A Spanish "Jack the Ripper."

MADRID, Nov. 18.—The dismembered body of a woman was found Monday in the Rus Ferro Carril. It is supposed that the woman was murdered by some maniac, who cut the body to pieces. There is no clew to the mystery.

REAR END COLLISION.

Frightful Disaster on the Pennsylvania Road.

LIST OF THE KILLED AND INJURED.

During the Prevalence of a Heavy Fog the Third Section of an Express Train Crashes into the Rear of the Second Section with Terrible Results—Another Collision with Loss of Life on the Baltimore and Ohio Road.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 14.—The second section of the western express on the Pennsylvania railroad, due in this city at 7:30 o'clock Friday morning, was crashed into by the third section and two persons were killed and a number injured. The first section of the western express was detained by the freight wreck near New Florence station. The second section was following close up, and when the first train pulled out, the second was held up in the block to allow the preceding train to get ahead. The third section of the western express came thundering along at a high rate of speed and crashed into the rear car of the second section. This car is said to have been the Washington City sleeper and was well filled with passengers. All of the killed and injured were in this car. A special engine and car, with several physicians on board, was sent from this city to the scene of the wreck immediately after the report reached the city.

The Killed and Injured.

The following is the list of killed and injured: Killed—Henry D. Minott, 39 Court street, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. S. H. Angel, 809 Twenty-first street, Washington, D. C. Injured—Dr. Weihle, Haymarket, Va., slightly; Mrs. Dr. Weihle, seriously; Mr. R. S. Delaney and wife, Haymarket, Va., seriously; J. F. Matthia, Baltimore, seriously; J. H. Halman, 629 B street, Washington, D. C.; William Rockster, Hoffman house, New York, seriously; C. C. Hicks, Providence, R. I., slightly; Mrs. M. B. Kellogg, Richmond, Va., seriously; J. H. Hill, Sunbury, Pa., slightly; —— Miller, express messenger, No. 7, Allegheny City, Pa., slightly.

A Dense Fog Prevailed.

The following statement is given out at the Union depot in this city: The accident occurred near New Florence station shortly before 6 o'clock Friday morning. Second section of No. 9, western express, had stopped at New Florence for orders. A flagman was sent back to warn the third section, or the mail train, also coming from the east. A dense fog obscured everything and the mail train ran past the flagman and into the rear of the second section of No. 9. It is reported that the sleeping car caught fire and was almost entirely consumed. The locomotive and the two express cars were very badly smashed up.

The Sleeper Takes Fire.

Henry D. Minot and Mrs. S. H. Angel, the two passengers who were killed, met their death by being crushed beneath the roof of the car, thrown upon them by the locomotive of the mail train. The wrecked sleeper caught fire but the flames were quickly smothered by the trainmen and hardworking passengers who rendered valuable assistance. The rear end of the second sleeper from the rear was also badly crushed in but no person except occupants of the rear sleeper were seriously hurt. The disaster is one of the most serious that has occurred on the Pennsylvania railroad for a long time. Those of the injured who could be moved with safety were placed upon the cars of the western express that were not injured by the wreck, and were brought to hospitals in this city.

Another Fatal Collision.

BELLAIRE, Ohio, Nov. 14.—At 4 o'clock Friday morning a wreck occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Scott's Cut, three miles west of here, between the second section of No. 21 going west and helper No. 1 002 coming east. John Watson, engineer, and James Fleischer, fireman, who lived in Newark, Ohio, of No. 21, were instantly killed. Thomas Burk was hurt about the head and can not recover. James Barrett, the other fireman, was scalded, and died one hour later. Burk and Barrett were brought home to Bellaire. Disregarding orders was the cause. The engines and cars are totally wrecked.

OUGHT TO CATCH THIS MAN.

"Jack the Hair Cutter" Again at His Nefarious Work.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 14.—"Jack the hair cutter" Thursday night committed his last and boldest outrage. Tillie Kuhn, the poor little girl who has been pursued with letters for a month past, personally attacked once and nearly driven out of the city from fright, was again assaulted while asleep. The man entered her room through the door, turning the lock with a button hook. She was awakened by some one fumbling with her hair. She saw a man standing at her bedside and she screamed with fright, when the man sprang through the open door and escaped. He had cut off her hair before she was awakened.

Wanted Only the Hair.

The poor girl is sick with fright and was not able to come down-town. Her hair has been cut off close to her head. The whole household was awakened and the girl's father immediately telephoned the police. It does not appear that any property in the room was disturbed and the man evidently went to the house with the intention of cutting off the girl's hair and for no other reason. Miss Kuhn is employed at a millinery store.

There Were 176 Persons on Board.

LONDON, Nov. 13.—An official statement has just been made by the admiralty office in connection with the loss of the torpedo cruiser Serpent. The statement sets forth that there were 176 persons on board the cruiser at the time of her loss, and that but three seamen were saved. It also says that the Spanish government has been requested to render all possible assistance in the work of recovering the bodies of the drowned; for each of which the British government will offer a reward. The British vice consul at Corunna has gone to Gamarinas to interview the survivors of the wreck.

Statesmen Protecting Themselves.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Nov. 15.—A bill has been introduced, and passed one house, making it criminal libel for a newspaper to even insinuate anything against a man's character, whether it is a fact or not.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

In the northwest many voters went to the polls Nov. 4 in sleighs.

In Victoria, Australia, bricklayers and masons work but seven and a half hours per day.

The expenditure for liquors and narcotics absorbs the net proceeds of one day's work of the world per week.

Canadian lumber exports via the St. Lawrence fell off 80 per cent this year.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge is now in good health and will resume his duties shortly.

The largest factory in the world devoted exclusively to rubber shoemaking was dedicated in Woonsocket, R. I., last week.

The richest man in the world, if he lives to inherit his patrimony, will be the young Viscount Belgrave, grandson of the Duke of Westminster. By the time he attains his majority it is estimated that his income will be between $10,000 and $20,000 a day.

There are 208,749 railroad bridges in the United States, spanning 3,213 miles.

Attorney general Miller Tuesday gave an opinion that the anti-lotiery law does not prohibit the "guessing contests" now much in vogue among newspapers as a means of advertising.

Influenza is spreading in Wurtemburg. Several schools have been closed on account of the epidemic.

Siam keeps up with the procession. She is to have an electric railway thirty miles long.

Seven years ago there was one brass band in the Salvation Army. It was composed of a father and his sons. Since then 8,550 other bands have been formed.

A boy of 17 and a girl of 13 were married at Columbus, Mo., the other day. The wedding presents included a doll and a wooden gun.

The thirteenth church congress of the Protestant Episcopal church of the United States was inaugurated with religious services at Philadelphia Tuesday.

The highest church spire in the world has just been completed. It is that of the cathedral at Olm, Wurtemburg, and is 530 feet high. The top of the cross on the dome of St. Peter's, Rome, is 448 feet above the pavement.

At the meeting of the Players' league at Pittsburg Tuesday the Pittsburg and New York clubs resigned.

The vatican authorities have given notice that servants of the church who vote in the coming elections will be deprived of their emoluments.

The population of Quebec is about 1,500,000, of whom 1,200,000 at least are French in blood, language, sentiment an instincts.

A large tobacco factory in Madrid was destroyed by fire Tuesday, causing a loss of $200,000. Ten thousand persons are made idle by the conflagration.

A contract has been made at Salem, Ore., to dig a ditch three miles long for the drainage of Lake Labish, by which means 3,500 acres of valuable land will be reclaimed.

Of thirty pedestrians injured on the streets of Cincinnati in one month twenty-five owed their injuries to the carelessness of female drivers, and as a result there is a call for an ordinance to prevent any woman from driving horses in that city.

The net gold in the treasury Wednesday was $157,550,381.

Thirty-four cotton manufacturing corporations at Fall River, Mass., with a capital of $18,958,000, during the past year have paid to stockholders $1,387,770, or an average of about 7 per cent.

The spinners in the Bolton, England, cotton mills have made a demand upon their employers for an advance of 5 per cent. in their wages. Trouble is likely to ensue if the demand is not granted.

Near La Harpe, Ills., Tuesday, workmen unearthed wooden and clay images of peculiar design. They are believed to have been the work of an ancient race.

Parties at Newport, Ky., announce that they can make aluminum for 9 cents per pound.

A monster grapevine at Athens, Ga., which covers more than a quarter of an acre, has been known to produce enough of grapes in a single year to make 100 gallons of wine. It was planted by Professor Rutherford about thirty-two years ago.

Official returns from the Third Iowa congressional district give Henderson, Rep., 196 majority over Couch, Dem.

Pat Calhoun, grandson of the great John C. Calhoun, would like to be elected United States senator from Georgia to succeed Brown. He is a Farmers' Alliance man.

A special census agent finds that there are 5,500 Indians in the state of Washington.

Henry Garland, a brakeman, struck Fireman Jones on a Clover Leaf train with a train pick near New Douglas, Ills., Wednesday, inflicting a wound which will no doubt prove fatal.

It is proposed to use the Eiffel tower to exhibit the rotation of the earth by the Foucault method. The pendulum is a bronze wire 380 feet long, with a steel globe at the end weighing 198 pounds.

The pneumatic line between New York and Philadelphia is now considered an assured fact. It is expected that it will transport large packages between the two cities in less than twenty minutes.

Several circus companies have clubbed together and will erect a monument over the last resting place of Yankee Robinson, who died friendless and alone and was buried at Jefferson, Iowa, some years ago.

Work will commence at once on a $300,000 union depot at Des Moines.

The total potato crop of Illinois is estimated at 2,414,955 bushels.

Dr. J. Brown, of Peoria, Ills., has an English hound that is only five and one-half inches high. His ears have a spread of seventeen inches.

Mrs. Anderson Bowles, an 80-year-old lady of Clinton, Ills., has been blind for eighteen years. She has recently been cured by a St. Louis physician, and can now see as well as any one.

The Statistical institute of Rome announces that 68 per cent. of all Italians are unable to read and write.

In a saloon fight at Florence, Wis., Charles King, a woodsman, had his nose bitten off by a fellow named Morey. The nose was found in the yard out of doors, where Morey had spit it out.

Sleighing is good at Ashland, Wis. La Crosse youngsters are enjoying their first skating.

Nearly all the northern saw mills in Wisconsin have shut down and men are being sent to the pineries to commence work there.

Rossman Coon, of Mendon, Mich., fell from his wagon while driving home Wednesday night, and the wheels passing over him injured him fatally.

In a hospital at Washington is a patient who is suffering from the effects of eating raw pumpkin.

An orchardist at St. Helena, Cal., has obtained a profit of more than $1,500 from one acre of apple trees this summer.

A pair of bantam chickens were sold at the London Crystal palace for $500, which was almost twice their weight in gold.

There are more than 200,000 persons in Italy who inhabit dark cellars and 4,805 communities which are so poor that meat is never seen on the table and bread only on Sundays.

The suicide of a schoolboy, a member of a family of good social position, has caused a sensation in Vienna. The boy found great difficulty in mastering the third declension in the Latin grammer, and the fact so worked on his mind that he took his own life.

An old woman at Wichita, Kan., prophesied that the world would be destroyed on the 13th of this month.

Mrs Henrietta Heskett, a Coles county, Ills., pioneer, died at the home of her daughter, near Mattoon, Tuesday evening, at the age of 91 years.

Fishermen at Little Sturgeon, Wis., on the east shore of Green bay, report finding in their nets whitfish weighing about a quarter of a pound each, showing that the young whitefish planted in Green bay water from the state are a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Bridgeman celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary at the residence of James Williams, their son-in-law, at Jacksonville, Ills., Nov. 10. Mr. B. is 81 years old and his wife 77.

S. J. Green, of Saxon, Ashland county, Wis., raised tobacco in an amateur way. One of the stalks bore leaves four feet long and two wide.

A large beaver was captured in the Cedar river a few miles from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the other day.

George W. Miller, of Grand Haven, Mich., has grown 350,000 celery stocks from 30 000 plants set out May 5 last.

Ed Olds, while plowing on a farm near Vassar, Mich., dug up $142 in nickels and dimes. It is supposed to be part of the currency secured by the fellows who robbed the Vassar National bank several years ago.

Chinese pheasants were introduced into the vast forests of Oregon ten years ago, and now it is estimated that there are 1,000,000 of them in the country.

At San Francisco Friday, Sunol trotted a mile in 2:11¼.

Business failures for the week number 266, compared with 215 last week, and 265 in the corresponding week of 1889.

The National league on Friday expelled the Cincinnati club, and a franchise for a club to take its place was granted to J. B. Brush, who is said to represent several capitalists of Cincinnati.

The official canvass in the Ninth Michigan district shows that Wheeler, Dem., has been elected to congress over Cutcheon, Rep., by 48 votes.

Robert T. Lincoln, United States minister to the court of St. James, reached Chicago at an early hour Friday morning and registered at the Auditorium hotel. He refused to see reporters.

Leaders of the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas have decided to establish an assessment life insurance branch in the order.

Leonard Perrin, the aged father of young Perrin, now serving a sentence for robbing the bank at Hurley, Wis., was arrested Friday at Oshkosh on the charge of receiving the money stolen by his son.

A day laborer at Augsburg has been presented by his wife with the twenty-second child.

Oliver Cromwell's bedstead has been sold by auction for 50 guineas.

Burglars entered the drygoods establishment of Jeske Bros., of San Antonio, Tex., and secured $3,000 in cash by blowing open the safe.

Willie Traub, a 15-year-old Louisville, Ky., boy, who was shot with a Flobert rifle last week by Mrs. Mary Vogel because he came into her yard after a lost marble, died Sunday.

Charles Schmidt, a 10-year-old boy at Cleveland, Ohio, was leading a horse to water. He placed the halter strap about his neck, the horse became frightened and ran away, and the boy was killed.

The diphtheria scourge has so afflicted Clinton, Ills., that a local board of health has been appointed. Several houses have been quarantined, and the public schools were stopped by the board of education.

Stanley's tour calls for 116 lectures. His special car bears his own name. For Mrs. Stanley's convenience it contains a piano. He closes April 6 in New York. He will talk in Chicago Jan. 2 and 3.

The fruit crops of Pomona, Cal., have sold for $270,000 this season. Ten years ago there was not an orchard in the valley.

The volcanoes of Washington are so active that around O'Oanogan and Lake Cheban, east of the Cascades, is a region of changing level and almost continuous earthquakes.

An advertisement has been running in a Bristol, Eng., paper for the last year offering $5) reward for any well authenticated case of a child being carried away by an eagle, no matter in what country.

A New York surgeon has supplied a patient with an artificial larynx and vocal apparatus.

The Detroit news figures up the campaign expenses of that city during the last election to amount to $37,300.

Kate Riordan, the woman who shot the Rev. J. F. Bright, M. A., master of University college, Oxford, England, has been convicted and sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

A prominent farmer at Lafayette, Ore., claimed an offset of $260 against his assessment on account of indebtedness. Investigation showed that he owed the amount sure enough, but it was for back taxes which he had refused to pay.

A gentleman lost his watch at a race course in Washington City the other day and a detective was sent for. The officer made a tour of the crowd and in fifteen minutes had captured the thief and recovered the watch.

There are 55,000 Masons in Georgia, which has a larger proportion of Masons in its population than any other state in the Union. At a recent meeting of the grand lodge thirty new charters were granted.

A miser who died without heirs at Lima, Ohio, a few days ago left a fortune of $50,000.

Gave a Murderer a Respite.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 12.—Governor Campbell has granted Elmer Sharkey, who was to have been executed at the Ohio penitentiary Thursday night, another reprieve until the governor is able to examine additional evidence in the case.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 22, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—James O'Neill in "The Dead Heart."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The City Directory."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Mr. Bernes of New York."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell."

THE AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—"Babes in the Woods."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Primrose & West's Minstrels.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Hustler."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—Cleveland's Minstrels."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

MORE ROMAN INTERFERENCE.

Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, has not been allowed to stand alone in his denunciation of boycotting and the Plan of Campaign by his brother hierarchs. The bishop of Limerick was the first of the Irish prelates to indicate a policy of denunciation. The vatican sustained his views, and, as a matter of course, all the other Irish bishops were forced by the higher ecclesiastical powers to sustain their colleague. THE CITIZEN can not blame the Irish bishops for having yielded to the inevitable. It knows that many of them would not take sides against their country, except under strong compulsion. The present pope will stand no stubbornness from his subordinates. They must either yield or quit. It is hard to ask an Irish bishop, or any other kind of a bishop, to lay aside the purple and rebel against his spiritual head. Even when the latter goes outside his sphere, the bishop, or the priest, cannot afford to deny his authority. It would mean ostracism.

With the laity, however, it is essentially different. They may suffer inconveniences and humiliation, but they cannot be destroyed if they refuse to receive the instructions of sacerdotal foreigners in the matter of home policy or politics. The present pope has, apparently, made up his mind to be Ireland's political foe, and he chooses to base his hostility on the ground of "faith and morals." If he interfered in such a sense with the French or the Austrians, they would very plainly tell him to mind his own business. His Italian countrymen have such a high regard for the pope, as a politician, that they take great pleasure in erecting monuments to his most bitter enemies within view of the windows of the vatican. But, of course, the Irish cannot be expected to be so wicked. They are God's chosen people, and must submit quietly to the lash so skillfully applied to their backs by Pope Leo's dear sister in Christ, Victoria, Popess of England. Between those two potentates it is hard to doubt that the Irish will eventually land in heaven. All other kinds of Christians appear to get to paradise with full bellies and good clothes. They are not required to starve themselves, or see their families starve, for the love of God and the glory of their temporal rulers. Did not Cardinal Cullen declare once upon a time that the Irish were "the martyr people of the earth, destined by God to spread the light of the gospel in every land?" This may be a very noble destiny, but THE CITIZEN would like to see some other people assume the role of "martyrs" once in a while. In any case, the apostolic spirit would lose none of its enthusiasm if the Irish spreaders of the gospel were allowed to be, at least, as prosperous in this world's goods as other people, who seem to share equally the Almighty favor.

It is noticeable that neither Archbishop Croke nor Bishop Nulty has attached his name to the prelates' pronouncement. The explanation is easy. They were in Rome, each well freighted with Peter's pence for England's illustrious ally in that city. So it goes from generation to generation. Ireland pays out the money in two directions, and receives from England curses, and from Rome, blessings and lectures on "faith and morals."

THE CITIZEN must confess, on looking over the document of the Irish prelates, that there is a good deal that is manifestly perfunctory about it. Perhaps our readers would like to see for themselves. Following is the part of the pastoral that deals with the political situation in Ireland:

From some recent events, as well as from the comments of certain newspapers, no less hostile to the Faith than to the national aspirations of the Irish people, we find with regret that the attitude of the bishops of Ireland on some important questions has been misrepresented and misunderstood. Moreover, certain undoubted principles of Catholic doctrine have frequently been called in question. We deem it our imperative duty, then, to reiterate the instruction already publicly given by us to our flocks with reference to these questions and these points of doctrine.

In the instruction issued two years ago from a general meeting of the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, assembled in Dublin, we warned our people, as it was our duty to warn them against the use of any hasty or irreverent language with reference to the Sovereign Pontiff, or to any of the sacred congregations through which he usually issues his decrees to the faithful. Furthermore, in obedience to the commands of the Holy See, and in willing discharge of the duty thus placed upon us, we put it on public record that the decree of the Holy Office, which had then been recently issued to the Irish hierarchy, had been issued in reference to the domain, not of politics as such, but of morals alone. And we emphatically remind our flocks that "on all questions appertaining to morals," as on those that appertain to faith, the Sovereign Pontiff, the Vicar of Christ on earth, has "an inalienable and divine right to speak with authority."

The instruction of the assembled bishops of Ireland was followed up by a statement from the archbishop of Dublin, in which the scope and binding force of the decree were fully and lucidly explained.

In that statement it was pointed out, first of all, that the decree was "a decree strictly and exclusively on the question of morals," that the point dealt with in it was as to the lawfulness, "the moral lawfulness," of employing in the agrarian struggle described in the question the methods of action known as the Plan of Campaign and Boycotting, and that the decision was in the negative—that is to say, "that in the struggle in question these methods of action could not lawfully be employed."

It was also pointed out by the archbishop that whilst the matter so dealt with by the sacred congregation had, no doubt, a most important political aspect, "this aspect does not and cannot, alter the essential character of the question itself."

This point was developed by his Grace as follows: "Every question as to whether a particular action or line of action is morally right or morally wrong is a question of morals. As such it comes within the sphere of the authority of the church. The action or line of action in question may, if considered from a worldly point of view, be political or social, or medical or legal. But the question whether an action or line of action is or is not in accordance with the principles of morality—is not a question of political or social, or of medical or of legal science. It is essentially and exclusively a question of morals.

Every such question, the Archbishop went on to explain, "is to be dealt with by that tribunal which is competent to deal with it on moral grounds. Persons who are not Catholics have to examine such questions conscientiously for themselves, each man according to the lights of his own private judgment as to what is right or wrong. In matters not decided by the authority of the church, Catholics are left free to do the same. But when such a question is decided upon by that authority mere private judgment is called upon to give way.

"When there is question of the moral lawfulness of an action which is productive, it may be, of some enormous advantage—an advantage, for instance, in politics—the question of moral lawfulness stands altogether apart from the question of political utility.

"These questions belong to different spheres. Politicians may deal with one. The church deals with the other. The church has no more to do with the political advantage or disadvantage of a given line of action than the constituencies or the house of parliament have to do with its morality. She deals with the moral aspect of the case, and with that only. Her decision may, of course, be set at nought, either by those who repudiate her authority, or by those who, without formally repudiating that authority, disregard it. The church can only declare what is the moral law. She cannot always hinder men from breaking it."

Similar expositions of the scope and authority of the decree were given by the bishops as occasion required in their respective dioceses.

In conclusion, we deem it our duty to express our deep sympathy with those unhappy tenants who from various causes have been evicted from their farms and their homes, and have been thus deprived of the means of procuring subsistence for themselves and their families.

"Hasty or irreverent language with regard to the sovereign pontiff." Oh, no. Those who have differed from his Holiness on Irish matters have treated him with the most studied courtesy. Nothing is to be gained by the use of irreverent language. It would simply weaken the case of Ireland.

The concluding paragraph of the quoted pastoral is, in point of logic, a sufficient refutation of the pastoral itself. The bishops express their sympathy with the evicted tenants, and yet they condemn the only tactics by which the aggrieved farmers can hope to mitigate their unfortunate condition. Either the Irish tenants must fight it out according to the Plan of Campaign or pay the landlords their usual "pound of flesh," leaving their wives and children to starve. It may be "faith and morals" in Ireland to allow women and children to starve, but, surely, nowhere else on earth. It is no wonder that the Irish nation has been brought virtually to its knees by the combined forces of foreign interference and sacerdotal casuistry. Any other people in the world would either put a summary stop to such miserable conditions or else perish in the effort.

PATRICK DONAHUE.

THE CITIZEN has very sincere pleasure in announcing that Mr. Patrick Donahue, editor of *Donahue's Magazine*, has again become proprietor of the Boston *Pilot*. Mr. Donahue was the founder of that able paper, and sold out his interest in it because of unlooked for financial embarrassment. It was then taken hold of by the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams and the late John Boyle O'Reilly, under whose management the paper again rose to prosperity. Mr. Donahue, with characteristic energy, succeeded in making the magazine, which he established some years ago, a credit to his race and to the literary ability of Boston. Every Irishman familiar with Mr. Donahue's long career will be glad to see him again the guiding spirit of his early love, the Boston *Pilot*. THE CITIZEN offers to Mr. Donahue, old in years but young in body and in spirit, its heartiest congratulations.

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

Those who have secured tickets from the committeemen for the Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien memorial meeting to be held this (Saturday) evening at Central Music Hall, can exchange them anytime today at the box office for reserved seats. Those who have not yet secured tickets can buy them at the box office. It is believed by the committeemen in charge of the demonstration that it will be the largest one of its kind ever held in the city. The programme is an unusually interesting and entertaining one. Mr. M. J. Keane will preside and deliver the opening address. Mr. M. P. Brady and ex Mayor O'Brien, of St. Paul, will be the orators of the evening. The programme also includes recitations and patriotic music. The hall should be crowded to its utmost capacity.

MR. BALFOUR MUST STEAL "THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN finds the following in the latest issue of the New York *Irish-American*:

"INFORMATION WANTED."

"We have received from a well known newspaper agency in this city the following order:

"'*Publishers Irish-American: Gentlemen*—Please send your paper for one year, commencing Nov. 1, 1890, to the following address: Library, Chief Secretary's Office, Dublin Castle, Dublin, Ireland.'

"From this it can be seen that Mr. Balfour is very anxious to keep up his record of the doings of the 'escaped criminals,' and the 'suspicious characters' who accompany them on their tour of the United States. We shall take great pleasure in seeing that the copy of the paper he has thus paid for in advance, shall be mailed regularly to his official residence. We wish him joy in his perusal of its contents. As T. P. O'Connor said, Monday evening, the continuation of the reports of the meetings held here, during the last two weeks, is calculated to make the Castle secretary a much sicker man than the cable reports him to be. There is 'good in everything,' as we are told by a great Englishman, who antedated Balfour (but not Balfourism) by some centuries. The redeeming feature in this subscription is that 'the Castle' abandons its old plan of stealing the papers belonging to our subscribers in Ireland, and pays for a special copy to ornament and purify the atmosphere of 'the Library.' There may be some hope for the Tories yet."

The reasons for complying with Mr. Balfour's request, as given by our esteemed contemporary, may be all right from its standpoint, but certainly not from ours. We received the same order, from, doubtless, the same New York firm, and sent it the following reply:

"THE CITIZEN will fill no orders for any bureau of the British government."

If we were to take any of the money of Dublin Castle, we would not alone feel degraded, but also alarmed for the safety of our office. It would probably burn down. Mr. Balfour may continue to steal THE CITIZEN and be ——!

JOHN O'HAGAN: POET AND JUDGE.

Another of the very few surviving poets of the '48 era has passed away in the person of Land Judge O'Hagan, better known as John O'Hagan, the "bliebh Cuibhlin" of the old *Nation*. The ranks of that gallant band of troubadors have been seriously thinned in latter years. Within a twelvemonth or so Barry, who wrote of the Green Flag, and Geoghegan, who penned that charming poem on the Monks of Kilcrea, have vanished from the scene. Of the four surviving bards of Young Ireland, only one, Mr. Denny Lane of Cork, still treads the land that gave them birth. The remaining three are in their old age denizens of foreign climes. Lady Wilde ("Speranza") is spending the last days of her life on the banks of the Thames. Her sister Grace, 'Eva," has her home under the shadow of the Southern Cross, while Gavan Duffy is sunning himself on the fragrant shores of Nice.

O'Hagan was, we believe, a native of Newry, in the north of Ireland. He made his home in Dublin early in life, and after a few years' study in that city was called to the bar. The country was then aglow with national enthusiasm. Thomas Davis was gathering around the *Nation* office the *creme de la creme* of the patriotism and poetry of the young men of Ireland. Among the juveniles who rallied to his call, and who were influenced by his sublime inspiration was this budding lawyer of the Four Courts, who abandoned the musty pages of Coke or Littleton for the allurements of poesy and romance. As a contributor to the *Nation*, O'Hagan, under the signature of "Bliebh Cuibhlin," soon became one of the most brilliant stars in the galaxy of Ireland's singers. He wrote but little it is true, but that little was marked with the true stamp of talent, and shone out with the genuine fire of Parnassus. It is no exaggeration to say that O'Hagan's ballads were among the most patriotic lyrics of that decidedly patriotic epoch. We need only mention his "Paddies Evermore," and his "Dear Land" as conclusive proofs of the truth of such an assertion. It is not very encouraging, however, to have to state that, like D'Arcy McGee and others of his colleagues, he made in those early days a vow which in after life he did practically little or nothing to observe. In one of his poems O'Hagan imagined the possibility of many impossibilities.

When comes the day all hearts to weigh,
If staunch they be or vile,
Shall we forget the sacred debt
We owe our mother isle?
My native heath is brown beneath,
My native waters blue;
But crimson red, o'er both shall spread
Ere I am false to you, dear land,
Ere I am false to you!

The sequel will show how he kept his word. Having escaped somehow the pains and penalties meted out by the British government to many of his fellow singers O'Hagan settled down to the hum-drum existence of the average barrister. He gave up for many years the poet's pen for the lawyer's brief, and, after a record of servility to several Whig cabinets, his services were at last rewarded by Mr. Gladstone with a seat on the Land Commission bench. In the moments of leisure afforded him from his judicial duties, O'Hagan burst forth once more into song. A long classic poem of chivalry entitled "Roland" appeared at this time from his pen, while later on he contributed religious lyrics, one of which was a metrical translation of "The Rosary" over the signature of "O," to the pages of the *Irish Monthly*. Ever since '48, however, his national muse has been as silent as the grave. It looked as if the fiery bard had buried his national faith and written its epitaph with the collapse of Ireland's hopes at Ballingarry.

The following extract from O'Hagan's "Penal Days" will give the reader an idea of the ardent patriotism that inspired him in his early days:

Deep let it sink in Irish hearts—the story of their isle,
And waken thoughts of tenderest love, and burning wrath the while,
And press upon us one by one the fruits of England's sway,
And blend the wrongs of by-gone times with this our fight today;
And show our fathers' constancy, by truest instinct led,
To loathe and battle with the power that on their substance fed;
And let it place beside our own the world's vast page to tell
There never lived the nation yet could rule another well!
Thus, thus our cause shall gather strength—no feeling vague and blind
But stamped by passion on the heart, by reason on the mind!
Send knowledge forth—a mightier foe to England's power than all
The rifles of America—the armaments of Gaul!
It *shall* go forth, and woe to them that bar or thwart its way—
'Tis God's own light, all heavenly bright—we care not who says nay!"

O'Hagan was, moreover, a poet who could celebrate the light and sweetness of the tender passion in no unworthy strains. One of the finest love pieces in the English language is "The Old Story," in which the poet, discarding the sensuality and meretriciousness of the Swinburnian school, gives us a clear, lifelike, but nevertheless graphic picture of the meeting of two lovers. Exigencies of space prevent us from quoting more than the concluding stanza of this exquisite idyl—

And if two worlds of hidden thought
And fostered passion met,
Which, passing human language sought
And found an utterance yet;
And if they trembled like to flowers
That droop across a stream,
The while the silent starry hours
Glide o'er them like a dream;
And if when came the parting time,
They faltered still and clung,
What was it all?an ancient rhyme
Ten thousand times besung—
That part of Paradise which man
Without the portal knows—
Which hath been since the world began,
And shall be till its close!"

O'Hagan's "Dear Land" cost him no little uneasiness when he found himself on the bench as valuator of various estates throughout the country. This song of his early years induced Councillor Doyle of Dublin to poke fun at the Judge, whom he referred to as

The brave O'Hagan of the dear old sireland,
And *dear* enough he made the land in Ireland!

In conclusion, the moral to be drawn from O'Hagan's life is that one's early manhood is no guarantee of one's old age. A Radical at 20 may be a moderate at 40, and may, before he reaches three score and ten, degenerate into a drivelling constitutionalist. Bradlaugh and Dilke of England, Clemenceau and Ficquet of France, Crispi and Cairoli of Italy, all of whom commenced public life as true blue revolutionists, are either ending or have already ended it, as milk and water politicians, and the gentlest of political cooing doves. Others, like the valiant and sturdy nonogenarian, Kossuth of Hungary, are in old age precisely what they were in youth—upholding the traditions and clinging to the enthusiasms that flung such a glorious glamour over their early days. These latter were men who could never sacrifice principle to policy, or honor to opportunism. O'Hagan unfortunately had not in his system the moral stamina of such giants as these. Entering life as a national poet and politician, he closed it in the unsavory role of a pensioner of a government whose very existence and whose right to rule he had denounced in the warm and fervid lyrics of his early manhood.

IT appears from Irish cablegrams that the National League has resolved to stand by Parnell, nathless the O'Shea business. The Irish envoys in this country have telegraphed assurances of continued support to their parliamentary leader. The English papers are, of course, greatly shocked at their proceedings. The English, especially the "royalties" and "nobilities," are such a moral people! The Lord between us and harm! Any Irishman who resides long enough in England is bound to get into trouble.

THE "HERALD'S" WILD AND WOOLLY WAIL.

The Chicago *Herald* clung to Lawler's cause with a tenaciousness of the bulldog variety. Not long ago the *Herald* and other Chicago papers said the Clan-na-Gael was dead. Apparently, however, it is not, for here is what the *Herald* of last Thursday had to say upon the defeat of its candidate:

"The official count shows that Frank Lawler has been beaten for sheriff of Cook county by a majority of less than one thousand. Under all the circumstances it is remarkable that the majority against him was not greater. He was maliciously assailed by all of Republicanism's and Mugwumpery's most accomplished liars, but this would not have defeated him if a strange perversity of fate had not made him the victim of two irreconcilable elements. Opposed by the Clan-na-Gaels in a body, he was also attacked by the Know-nothings, and thus his defeat was brought about. Either one of these interests voting for him, he would have been elected. No candidate should lose both of them. It is a striking commentary on the unwisdom displayed by Knownothings in this town that for the most important county office they fought under the odious banner of the Clan na Gael, and by their votes assisted that order in defeating a man who won its enmity by his sturdy Americanism."

It seems "mighty quare" that Lawler's "sturdy Americanism" should have lost him, as is alleged by the *Herald*, the Knownothing vote. The latter claims to be the sole guardian of "sturdy Americanism," but now, it would appear, the Clan-na-Gael comes in for, at least, equal glory in the election of Gilbert, who is "sturdy" enough as an American, but who is, fortunately for the people, neither a fool nor a bigot.

THE Irish envoys, Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien, Sullivan and others, will speak at a meeting in Battery D on Saturday evening, Nov. 29. A committee of citizens is preparing for their reception.

THE total number of persons in Ireland who pursued the employment of migratory agricultural laborers was, in 1890, 14,061. More than five-sixths of the number, namely 12,034, are natives of Connacht. Of these Mayo furnished 8,490, Galway 1,376, Roscommon 1,109, Sligo 790, and Leitrim 269. The next province in importance as to the supply of migratory laborers is Ulster; the total number being 1,622. Of these 1,075 are natives of Donegal, 331 of Armagh, 54 of Tyrone, 40 of Derry, 37 of Monaghan, 33 of Antrim, 26 of Cavan, 23 of Down, and 4 of Fermanagh. Leinster furnishes 187 migratory laborers. Of these 83 are natives of Louth and 48 of Longford. Munster furnishes 238. They are distributed as follows among the various counties: Kerry 145, Cork 61, Tipperary 28, and Waterford 4. There are no migratory laborers from Clare or Limerick this year.

LESSONS TO BIGOTS AND MALIGNANTS.

[*To the Editor.*]

Some of the Chicago dailies of both parties, during the canvass just closed, continued their policy of malignity against Irish-American citizens. Their usual vocabulary was freely drawn upon and hurled with special vindictiveness, especially by his own party organ, against Mr. Michael McInerney, Democratic candidate for the House of Representatives in the Second district; Mr. John F. O'Malley, Democratic candidate for Senator in the Thirteenth district; and generally against the Irish-Americans who would not support that model of conscientious statesmanship, the recent Democratic candidate for Sheriff. The people responded. The Second (legislative) district is largely Republican, yet of the four candidates running (of whom only three could be elected) Mr. McInerney came in victorious, the second man on the list. Mr Patton, Republican, received 23,-193 votes; McInerney, Democrat, 23,048; Kenny, Democrat, 19,365; Hoppin, Republican, 18,3-8. Mr. McInerney led the next man in the race 4,739 votes. The Republicans could easily have elected their two men if they voted squarely for them and let the Democrats decide for themselves whether they preferred McInerney or Kenney to represent the minority. But a number of them voted for Kenney so as to "down the Clan na-Gael." Thus they threw away a member of the legislature and made the election of a Democratic United States Senator from Illinois po sible.

Mr. Garrity, Republican, defeated Mr. O'Malley by a handsome majority four years ago, when Mr. O'Malley was not denounced as a Clan-na-Gael, a murder sympathizer, and as everything else which an Irish-American may now be called by a portion of the Chicago press. The people responded again and gave Mr. O'Malley 5,218 votes against 3,035 for his adversary—making a change of about 3,000 votes in the district and costing the Republican party another vote in the legislature.

But the lesson was not all on one side. The Democrats nominated an incumbent Congressman for sheriff. If Mr. Chase was their nominee he would have been elected by at least 10,000 majority. If John Hopkins had been nominated he would have been elected by a good majority. The congressman's backers were not content to let by-gones be by gones. His managers, the machine element of the party, including the retiring County Judge, began at once to abuse Lawler's opponents as Clan na-Gael murderers. The Democratic congressmen in the County of Cook aggregate a majority of nearly 10,000. Mr Lawler is defeated by 816 majority! Have the malignan s the sense to understand the significance of these responses by the people?

AN IRISH REPUBLICAN.

PERSONAL.

Mr. M. Harris, of Deloughery, Mich., had a very pleasant visit among his friends in Chicago last week.

A Rattling Narrative of Indian Warfare and Adventure.

[*In the Swim, Chicago.*]

John F. Finerty's new book, "Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," is one of the most brilliant historical sketches of the day. If it had been printed in England or on the European continent (at the other end of the telegraph lines which flood us with accounts of Eastern people and things) it would have been the talk of America today. As it is it has made a decided ripple in the East and West—so much the more credit to it, because (on account of these same telegraph wires and their Eastern ownership) to wake a ripple from West to East is like shouting against an east wind. Mr. Finerty has long been dubbed "brilliant," "dashing," "brave,"—all of which his book gives witness of. Modestly told, it carries the reader along with a rapid pen—what artists call the broad or master stroke. Written by a man whose thoughts kept ahead of his pencil it gives such a windup to this last great epoch of America's barbaric history as the unique and dauntless type of the American savage will not allow this planet a chance to see again. No book in history can ever better finish up the "red-skin." Hence Finerty's book will stand. The redskin and the buffalo have gone—along with the unicorn, mammoth and dodo. Mr. Finerty, unlike writers on the geologically defunct, has had the perilous privilege of witnessing his subject at short range, in all his paint and puissance. Washington Irving clothed the redskin with the lurid hues of a charitably minded gentleman looking into the romance of a fading past. Mr. Finerty, still with all reasonable charity and the eye of a philosopher depicts his subject like a man who had had an Indian pegging hot shot at his heartstrings for several wearisome nights and days.

The book is full of portraits—likenesses of Gen. Crook, Sitting Bull, Gruard, the scout, Rain-in-the-Face, Col. Royall, Gen. Carr and other distinguished participators in the struggle. The reader can but regret that it contains not one of the author. An editor by birth and heredity, with a mind as perceptive of the situations as the distinguished generals with whom he was associated in the obliteration of the last valiant and wolf-like descendants of a race whom the progress of events demanded should succumb, he has given the record a zest that must make it live. He has launched it high. Its chapter headings, pointed and terse, with a touch of the humor and dignity that makes literature worth reading, bear evidence of the spirited head-line days of the Chicago *Times*, when the distinguished editor of that paper, for whom Mr. Finerty undertook his dangerous task, sat at the key board and made the *Times* columns vibrate to his will.

Mr. Finerty's book is the work (typographically) of Donohue & Henneberry, Chicago publishers, at 415 Dearborn st. It contains for a frontispiece Mulvany's famous picture, "Custer's Last Rally," which shows to a nicety, in the swarming legions of the Sioux, what fierce and contentious animals can the human denizens of this globe become when once conflicting interests reach a clash.

WISHES.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Oh for one glimpse of a sea-girt land
Away to the East—away,
Whose emerald sward, by the zephyrs fanned,
Is sweet as the smile of May!
Oh for one glimpse of that storied shore—
Though a pall were upon its light,
I'd forfeit a life in Heliodore
For an hour of its rayless night!

Oh for one glimpse of her mountain crags
Where the breeze with the heather played
What time 'neath the folds of our battle flags
Her warriors stood arrayed;
When each cave was a shrine, and each massive stone
Was an altar of liberty,
And a pillar of light in its glory shone
O'er the land from sea to sea!

Oh for one hymn from the golden strings
Of the harp of that olden isle,
That might waft me once more on fancy's wings
To her beautiful shores the while—
A song in the honey-sweet Gaelic tongue,
A jubilant ringing lay
To the ears of her martial tribes once sung
On the eve of some fiery fray!

Oh for one throbbing faithful heart
From the wealth of her teeming plains,
That would teach me to act a better part,
And temper an exile's pains:—
A rich ripe heart that would beat unto mine,
And, pure as a star above,
Would pour on my soul the precious wine
And balm of woman's love!

Oh for a grave in Ireland's mould,
Enshrined in her pulsing breast,
Where her child the leaves of his life might fold,
And sink to a gladsome rest!
With the dews of his land his nectar-fare,
And the smiles of her skies o'erhead
He would sleep in an Eden, for there—oh, there
'Twere Paradise to be Dead!

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

IN IRELAND.

The Blue and Whites, Wexford, defeated the Isle of the Seas, Dublin, by one point, at Clonturk Park, thereby winning the football championship of Leinster.

The Midleton team defeated Killorglin at Banteer. The Munster championship is now held by Midleton.

IN CHICAGO.

A very interesting game of football is promised the public, in which the Wolfe Tone and Emmet Athletic Clubs will contest for supremacy, on Sunday next, Nov. 23, at the Southwest grounds, Ogden avenue and Rockwell street. The boys deserve, and no doubt have, the good wishes of every genuine Irishman in their efforts to revive a love for the ancient Gaelic pastimes; and it is well to give the clubs practical proof of this by attending their games and amusements. Every one who can should go; you will not regret it. It will interest you you so that you will be impatient till the next Sunday comes, when you can witness, at the same grounds, a challenge match between the Emmets and Grattans.

Ancient Order Ball.

The second great annual ball of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of Cook county, will be given at Freiberg's Concert Hall, Nos. 184 and 186 Twenty second street, near State, on next Thanksgiving evening, No. 26. It is expected to be a splendid affair.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

AN ALLEGED STONE THROWER

A moonlighting outrage was perpetrated at Mountbolus, a short distance from Tullamore, recently. A large stone was fired into the house of a man named Michael Rigney—a farmer residing in that local ity. The police have arrested a man named Molloy in connection with the occurrence.

ALAS, FOR THE POOR KILKENNY CATS!

The unfortunate cats of Kilkenny are being poisoned in a wholesale manner. Our esteemed contemporary, the Kilkenny *Journal*, very properly condemns the cruel cat poisoning, and asks, "Is there any remedy for this rather serious condition of affairs?" We sincerely hope there is, for the breed is too famous to become extinct.

A CALAMITY.

From the repeated annoyances which Messrs. Pierce of Wexford, have exper ienced they have at last closed their es ablishment. This throws about 200 persons out of employment, and it means misery to a still larger number of families.

"A GOOD TIME COMING."

There are so many licensed and unlicensed liquor houses in Dundalk that a local paper says, "We appear to be nearing the era when every man shall be his own publican."

A GOOD RECORD.

There were only two trivial cases to be tried at the Louth quarter sessions at Dundalk.

THE BEST MANAGED FARM.

The competition for the best managed farm in Leinster was decided at a recent meeting of the Royal Dublin Society Committee. The second prize, £20 and a silver medal, was awarded to Mr. T. J. Byrne, of Rossmakea, Dundalk.

ORDAINED TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

In the church of the Assumption, Wexford, the Rev. J. Maher, Ballywilliam, Gorey, was ordained to the priesthood by the most reverend lord bishop of Ferns.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The late Arthur Kavanagh, of Borris House, Carlow, left a personal estate of £17,645 6 4.

A second volume of the work "Ancient and Modern Sketches of the County Westmeath" has been produced by Mr. James Woods. Messrs. Alley & Co., of Ryder's Row, Dublin, are the publishers.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held at Mountmellick for the purpose of organizing the collection in aid of the Tenants' Defense Fund. Mr. W. A. McDonald, M.P.; D. Crilly, M.P., and Dr. E. P. S. Comsel addressed the meeting. A large force of policemen were present.

At a special session held in Borris in-Ossory Mr. W. Mitchell was appointed cess collector, in room of his late father.

MUNSTER.

FILES ON PARADE.

Lord Wolseley inspected the King's Own Hussars at Cahir and the Manchester regiment at Tipperary, on Oct. 30.

ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNG IRELANDERS.

The inaugural address was delivered in the hall of the Midleton Young Ireland Society on the opening of the winter session by Mr. Patrick O'Hea, Cork, ex-member of parliament for Donegal. Mr. William J. Lane, M. P., president of the society, occupied the chair. The hall was crowded, among those present being Mr. Maurice Healy, M.P. The subject of the address was a retrospect of the times, lives and labors of Daniel O'Connell and Thos. Davis. The address was listened to with wrapt attention, and applauded at intervals.

ONE GOOD CROP AT ANY RATE.

The Michael Davitt cabbage plan has proved a success in Ballyduff. "O thrice and four times happy," as the immortal Panurge remarked, "those that plant cabbages. O Destinies why did you not spin me for a cabbage planter? O how few are there to whom Jupiter hath been so favorable as to predestinate them to plant cabbages! They have always one foot on the ground and the other not far from it."

THE ACCURSED TUBER.

Several cases of fever have recently cropped out in the parish of Tuogh and in the neighborhood of Dunloe Gap. Two deaths have occurred, and it is feared that the epidemic will become more prevalent. The outbreak is attributed by medical men to the unhealthy state of the potatos in the district, which are largely used for human food.

REBEL CORK.

Twenty four head of cattle from the Curass estate which has been boycotted, were brought into Cork for shipment recently. When the cattle were put on the steamer the firemen and seamen decided not to work on the vessel unless the cattle were put on shore. The cattle were driven off the steamer and placed on the company's premises. The men then resumed work and the steamer sailed.

IT COSTS £50 TO JOSTLE A NATIONAL LEAGUER.

Thomas Barry, Kilnavullen, recovered £50 damages from District Inspector Ball, of Fermoy, and Sergeant Drought for an assault committed on him by them.

WHAT A NAME TO BE SURE!

Smith Barry is known in London as the "Galloping Snob of Rotten Row."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The late Justice Naish left personal estate valued at £7,899 12 10.

Miss Mary Eliza Wall, of Carrick-on-Suir, was professed at the Mercy Convent, Cappoquin, on Oct. 28.

The clergy and people of the city and county of Cork, in furtherance of the Tenants' Defense Association, held a convention in the Assembly Rooms, South Mall. The mayor of Cork (Ald. Horgan) presided, and there was a very large attendance, representatives being present from every part of the county.

A convention of the branches of the National League in Waterford county and city was held in the town hall, Waterford, Oct. 30, under the presidency of the mayor. Thirty branches were represented.

A very large convention of the county and city of Limerick was held on Oct. 30, in the Theatre Royal, Limerick, to raise funds for the Tenants' Defense Association.

The police have arrested Denis Davoren, Kilcorry, and Patrick Neylon, Ballynacravan, on suspicion of being of the party who fired into Patrick Flanagan's house and murdered his daughter Bridget.

There is at present a second crop of raspberries in the garden of Richard Bagwell, Esq., Marlfield, Clonmel, and there is also a second crop of violets, in full bloom.

It is proposed to have Fermoy lighted by electricity.

On All Saints' Day the Rev. J. O'Farrell, Adm., Liscannor, denounced in the strongest language at each chapel in his parish the horrible murder committed near the Cliffs of Moher, and read a letter from the Most Rev. Dr. McCormick, bishop of Galway, conveying his sympathy to the parents of the murdered girl, and expressing his sorrow and deep regret for the black stain of murder laid upon the parish.

There are 800 girls employed in the Limerick Clothing Factory.

The bishop of Waterford has stated that Irish children who were taught their own language had a better knowledge of their religious duties than children sent to schools where no Irish was taught.

Emigration from Ireland is increasing. For the week ending Nov. 2 455 passengers embarked at Queenstown, against 249 for the corresponding week of 1889.

The Lismore races were held on Oct. 30 and were highly successful.

At Cashel quarter sessions the appeals of a number of publicans whose licenses the magistrates refused to sign for refusing to supply the police with drink came on for hearing. The judge reversed the decision of the magistrates in the case of Miss Hennessy. In the other cases their decisions were upheld.

Mr. John Morrogh, M. P., and three others, have purchased extensive premises in Douglas, county Cork, for the purpose of establishing a woolen manufactory, which has been successfully launched. At present the output is about £600 a week, and the firm have their hands full of orders.

The seamen and firemen employed on the Waterford Steamship Company's vessel Comeragh quit work while under the impression that there were boycotted cattle among the cargo, and were only induced to return when the assurance was given by the local manager, J. W. Downey, that such was not the case.

CONNAUGHT.

HOGS DIRT CHEAP.

Hogs were sold at Ballaghadereen at from 20 to 30 shillings per cwt. on the last fair day.

TORY LIARS.

Rev. P. Greally, P. P., Newport, contradicted the reports which appeared in the Dublin Tory press of his interview with Balfour.

A NOVEL CASE.

At the Boyle quarter sessions, before Judge O'Connor Morris, Thomas Stuart, newspaper proprietor and farmer, sued Michael M'Donald, draper, for the sum of £9 0s 6d. The process was for money due for advertising in Stuart's paper and for the grazing of a horse, and £2 on account of "loss sustained by plaintiff by reason of the defendant neglecting to pay the bill."

His Honor—That is certainly a novelty in causes of action. I don't think he's serious in his £2 claim.

Mr. M'Morrow (for the defendant)—Oh, he is my lord. He has had a lot of anxiety of mind on the subject (laughter).

Mr. MacDermott—I think I may reasonably leave that amount out of the process.

His Honor—I don't think you have much chance of getting a decree for the full amount.

On the suggestion of Mr. McDermott, the case was referred to the registrar of the court, who allowed the plaintiff £5 3s 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The town commissioners and inhabitants of Loughrea presented an address to Sir Thomas Esmonde.

The Ballina board of guardians had under their consideration recently the case of an evicted family, nine in number, named Boyd, who since they were put out of possession were living and sleeping under a boat erected as a shielding near a farm ditch. The Rev. A. Finnerty, P. P., Ballysokeery, said he recently visited the family, and nothing could be more pitiable than their state. They burrowed under the ditch at night for shelter, the water was flowing under the bed on which they slept, and the clothes were rotted with wet. They had to cover over the boat with stable manure to keep out the rain and give them a little heat.

The fortnight's mission conducted by the Oblate Fathers at Claremorris, has been brought to a close. The Very Rev. P. R Brady preached the final sermon on Perseverance, the congregation consisting of fully 2 000 persons. At the invitation of the missioners hundreds joined the temperance society, and, taking up the form of pledge pronounced by Father Brady, bound themselves to abstain from intoxicating drinks.

Mr. J. J. Elder put up for sale the interest of Mr. F. A. Harper, J. P., in Somerset Villa, Pooiboy, Ballinasloe, and 16 acres of land attached to it. A bid of £300 was made, but the lot was reserved at £500.

Mr. John Bodkin, a gentleman of independent means, living at Kilclooney, had a quarrel with his brother Cornelius, in the course of which the former took down a gun and fired at the latter, wounding him severely. Word was sent to the police, but when they arrived on the scene they found that the would be assassin had barricaded the house, after arming himself with a double-barrelled gun. The house was thereupon surrounded. A panel was out of a back door, and Sergeant Kidd and Constable Bruen squeezed themselves through the aperture. Finding that Bodkin was not asleep, the constables, taking off their boots, crept to a hiding place near his room and there waited. They had not been concealed long when Bodkin came out of the room, carrying the gun in his hand, and Kidd and Bruen immediately seized him. A furious struggle ensued, but Bodkin was ultimately thrown to the ground. He continued, however, to fight desperately, and retained his hold upon the weapon until one of the barrels exploded, fortunately without injuring anyone. Finally handcuffs were forced upon Bodkin's wrists, and with great difficulty he was taken before Captain Martyn, J. P., who remanded him without bail to the next Miltown petty sessions.

ULSTER.

SKIRTS OFF.

On Sunday fortnight the Rev. James M'Fadden, P. P., of Glenn, in the Gortahork Roman Catholic Chapel, while commenting on a passage in the gospel for the day, *i. e.*, "Thou shall love thy neighbor as thyself," took occasion to denounce the organized system of intimidation and lawlessness which had been carried on during the two preceding Sundays by certain members of the congregation attending the chapel. Within the past three weeks the tenants on the Ophert estate who paid their rents have been subjected to great annoyance, on Sunday especially. On Sunday week a girl named Carroll, the daughter of a tenant who paid his rent, had her outside dress cut off her at the waist, by means of some sharp instrument while she was kneeling at her devotions. On Sunday last, while the reverend gentleman was engaged in lecturing them on the error of their ways, a girl named M'Gready, the daughter of a tenant who recently paid his rent, had her dress mutilated inside the chapel.

NEW VESSELS.

Four new vessels were launched at Belfast recently. The Helen Craig, a steel screw steamer, built by Messrs Workman and Clark; the Susanna Kelly, 350 tons, built by Messrs M'Ilwain and M'Coll; the Memphis, a steamer of 3,200 tons, built by Messrs Harland and Wolff; and a pleasure yacht, built by Mr. W. Scott.

VERY FAIR WORDS.

In his speech before the Belfast Young Ireland Society, Sir Thomas Esmonde said: "In our Young Ireland we will have none of the sins nor the sorrow of the past. We will have no quarrelings, no fear of one another, no distrust; we shall put our shoulder to the wheel of national progress irrespective of class or of creed (cheers). We shall unite to make our dear old land that which she shall yet become—a pride and an honor to her citizens and a glory to mankind.

IN A SAVAGE MANNER.

Two bakers, named John Curley and John McClory, were charged at Newry petty sessions with having assaulted in a savage manner two men, named Abraham O'Neil and John Carr, non unionist bakers, now in the employment of Mr. Thos. Willis, master baker, whose employes went out on a strike some time since. The magistrate sentenced the accused to five weeks' imprisonment each, with hard labor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The schooner William and Mary Carlisle is believed to have been lost near Giant's Causeway, county of Antrim.

Jewelry and watches to the value of £200 were stolen from the establishment of Mr. Moore, pawn broker, Market St., Lurgan, Oct. 30.

Mrs. Evelyn Matilda Georgina Beauclerk, daughter of a Northamptoeshire gentleman named Fitzroy, and sister to Blanche, Countess of Rosslyn, has sued for a divorce from her husband, Mr. Aubrey De Vere Beauclerk, of Ardglass Castle, county Down, Ireland.

THE BONNIE BREAST-KNOT.

(An Incident of Fontenoy.)

"My colleen with the dark locks, my colleen young and fair,
Oh! give me but that breast-knot that o'er your heart you wear;
That bonnie silken breast-knot will bind my troth to you;
I'll set it in my bonnet, love, that bonnie breast-knot blue.

"And when across the ocean the war-worn exiles fly,
Your bonnie knot, acushla, shall sail as well as I:
The winds its folds may flutter, the waves may drench it through,
But the wind nor wave shall never rob your bonnie breast-knot blue."

She took it from her bosom, she set it o'er his brow;
With broken voice she murmured: "Thou art my soldier now!"
One lingering glance and wistful, a kiss, a sad adieu
And then she looked her last upon that bonnie breast-knot blue."

One morn, in far-off Flanders, King Louis' bugles pealed,
And in the ghastly dawning the dead lay o'er the field.
And there was one among them, one exiled soldier true,
Upon whose clammy lips they found a bonnie breast-knot blue!

—*Van Dorn's Magazine.*

A GREAT AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The *Century Magazine* is now so well known that to tell of its past success seems almost an old story. The New York *Tribune* has said that it and its companion, *St. Nicholas for Young Folks*, issued by the same house, "are read by every one person in thirty of the country's population"—and large editions of both are sent beyond the seas. It is an interesting fact that a few years ago it was found that 7,000 copies of the *Century* were sent to Scotland—quite a respectable edition in itself. The question in England is no longer "Who reads an American book?" but "Who does not see the American magazines?"

A few years ago the *Century* about doubled its circulation with the famous War Papers, by Gen. Grant and others, adding many more readers later with the Lincoln History and Kennan's thrilling articles on the Siberian Exile System. One great feature of 1891 is to be "The Gold Hunters of California," describing that remarkable movement to the gold fields in '49, in a series of richly illustrated articles written by survivors, including the narratives of men who went to California by the different routes, accounts of the gold discoveries, life in the mines, the work of the vigilance committees (by the chairman of the committees), etc., etc. Gen. Fremont's last writing was done for this series. In the November number appears the opening article, "The First Emigrant Train to California"—crossing the Rockies in 1841—by Gen. Bidwell, a pioneer of pioneers. Thousands of American families who had some relative or friend among "the Argonauts of '49" will be interested in these papers.

Many other good things are coming—the narrative of an American's travels through that unknown land Tibet (for 700 miles over ground never before trod by a white man); the experiences of escaping War Prisoners; American Newspapers described by well known journalists; accounts of the great Indian Fighters, Custer and others; personal anecdotes of Lincoln, by his private secretaries; "The Faith Doctor," a novel by Edward Eggleston, with a wonderfully rich programme of novelettes and stories by most of the leading writers, etc., etc.

It is also announced that the *Century* has purchased the right to print, before its appearance in France or any other country, extracts from advance sheets of the famous Talleyrand Memoirs, which have been secretly preserved for half a century—to be first given to the world through the pages of an American magazine. All Europe is eagerly awaiting the publication of this personal history of Talleyrand—greatest of intriguers and diplomats.

The November *Century* begins the volume, and new subscribers should commence with that issue. The subscription price ($4) may be remitted directly to the publishers, The Century Company, No 33 East Seventeenth street, New York, or single copies may be purchased of any newsdealer. The publishers offer to send a free sample copy—a recent back number—to any one desiring it.

MATRIMONIAL.

CORRIGAN-COSGROVE.

On Thursday, Nov. 13, at the Cathedral of the Holy Name, James M. Corrigan, of the firm of Barber, Martin & Co., and a member of the Irish-American club, was married to Miss Ellen Cosgrove. Nuptial high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Fitzsimmons. The bridesmaid was Miss Mary Sheerin, and Mr. M. O'Gallagher acted as best man. The many friends of the young couple unite in wishing them all happiness and prosperity in their married life.

WHY CONTINUE the use of irritating powders, snuffs or liquids. Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant of application and a sure cure for catarrh and cold in head, can be had for 50c. It is easily applied into the nostrils, is safe and pleasant, and is curing the most obstinate cases. It gives relief at once.

Catholic Benefit Association.

There will be an open meeting of St. Ann's Branch No. 2, Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, on Sunday next, Nov. 23, at 3 p. m., in Kerwin's hall, Wentworth avenue and Fifty-fifth street. The C. M. B. A. deserves the consideration of all Catholics. It is the oldest and strongest Catholic society in this country, being organized in 1876 by Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, and having a membership of over 30,000. This society is doing an immense amount of good for poor widows and orphans and for the Catholic church in general. The aims, objects, and benefits of the association will be fully explained by eminent speakers, including the Hon. William J. Bulger, of Chicago, and H. W. Deare, of Detroit, Mich. Several local Catholic clergy will also speak. Attend this meeting and bring your gentlemen and lady friends. The objects of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association will also be discussed. F. J. RYAN, Secretary.

THE PROPRIETORS of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure all, but a sure remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once.

Casualties in Ireland.

A man named Moses Bolger was killed recently by falling off a rick of straw at Mr. Browne's, Ballywilliam.

Willie Browne, Parnell street, Wexford, received serious injuries while playing with a little sister near a fire. His clothes ignited and he ran into the street screaming. A soldier who was passing, assisted by a woman, succeeded in smothering the fire, not, however, before the child was seriously burned.

George Eanis, St. Margaret's, broke his arm by a fall from a car while returning home from Wexford.

Ned Leary, of the Castlebridge Hurling Team, is still detained at the county infirmary suffering from injuries received at the last hurling championship match in Clonturk. He has a small wound over one of his ankles which is healing very tediously, an artery having been cut.

While Michael Creane, a Wexford postman, was wheeling a truck from the railway station with mails, one of the wheels suddenly came off and the postman fell, breaking his leg.

A man named Craig, from Castlederg, county Tyrone, was carried off the wharf at Derry during a storm, and drowned before assistance could reach him.

Mr. Gilhooly, M.P., received a kick from a horse, and lies in a precarious condition at his residence in Bantry.

At Castletownbere, Cork, Timothy Sullivan was charged by the authorities with having on the 28 h of September seriously stabbed Patrick Sullivan in the abdomen, thereby endangering his life. The defendant was remanded for trial to the Bantry quarter sessions.

A shoemaker named Garry, aged 70 years, died suddenly while walking along the railway near Tullamore, Nov. 2, from heart disease.

An old lady named Greer was found dead in her bed at Edenderry on Nov. 2.

While a man named Thomas McCue was descending the shaft of a clay pit belonging to the Ulster Fire Clay Company, Coalisland, the gearing broke, precipitating him to the bottom, and killing him instantly. Deceased was about 30 years of age.

A Dublin sailor named George Mitchell was drowned on Oct. 16th.

THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Farewell to every white cascade from the harbor of Belleek,
And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek;
The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow—
The one split yew-tree shading o'er the curving flood below;
The lough that winds through islands under Tura's mountain green;
And Castle Caldwell, stretching woods, with tranquil floods between,
And breezy hills, and many a pond among the heath and fern—
For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks of Erne.

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the live long Summer day,
The waters run by mossy cliff, and banks with flowers gay;
The girls will bring their work and sing beneath the twisted thorn,
Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn.
Along the river side they go, where I have often been—
Oh, never shall I see again the days that I have seen—
A thousand chances are to one I never shall return—
Adieu to all the billowy coast and winding banks of Erne.

* * * * * * *

If ever I'm a moneyed man, I mean, please God, to cast
My golden anchor in the place where youthful days were passed;
Though heads that now are black and brown must meanwhile gather grey,
New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones drop away—
Yet, dearer still that Irish hill than all the world beside;—
It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, thro' lands and waters wide,
And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return
To my native Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.

Local Catholic News.

A large number of children were received into the Holy Angels Society of the Nativity church on Nov. 9.

The Rev. T. J. Kearney, late of Dixon, has been appointed pastor of the church at Pecatonica.

The Rev. M. Dinneen, of Feehanville, has been assigned to Dixon, and will be succeeded by the Rev. J. Walsh.

The Rev. Richard McGuire has taken charge of the new church in Maple Park in place of the Rev. James M. Hagan, who is forming a new parish in LaGrange.

An Intellectual Feast.

A most delightful evening is anticipated by all who mean to attend the intellectual feast promised by Miss Eliza Allen Starr for the evening of Monday, Nov. 24, at Central Music Hall. The lecture will be given for the benefit of St. Joseph's Hospital, whose important new additions and improvements are being fast pushed to completion, and which will be described in detail in a later issue of THE CITIZEN. St. Joseph's has hosts of friends, and already a great number of tickets have been purchased. Central Music Hall is certain to be crowded, and lecturer and audience are sure to be worthy of the noble charity in which they take so deep an interest. Tickets may be had from the Sisters at the hospital, from Mr. Thomas Brenan, County Building, Mrs. Dr. Reynolds, Webster avenue, and THE CITIZEN office.

"Are n't you ever going to grow old, like the rest of us?" asked a man of an acquaintance he hadn't seen for some time. "Well, not so long as I can purify my blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla," was the apt reply. This man knew what he was talking about.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Consumption Cured.

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A WILD ROSE.

The first wild rose in wayside hedge
This year I wandering see,
I pluck, and send it as a pledge,
My own Wild Rose, to thee.

For when my gaze first met thy gaze
We were knee deep in June;
The nights were only dreaming days,
And all the hours in tune.

I found thee, like the eglantine,
Sweet, simple and apart;
And from that hour thy smile hath been
The flower that scents my heart.

And ever since, when tendrils grace
Young corpse or withered bell
With roseate ills, straight I see thy face,
And gaze into thy soul.

A natural bud of love thou art,
Where, dozing down, I view,
Deep hidden in thy fragrant heart,
A drop of heavenly dew.

Go, wild rose, to my Wild Rose dear;
Bid her come swift and soon.
Oh, would that she were always here!
It then were always June.
—Alfred Austin in Washington Post.

A-SUNG AND THE PIRATES

A-sung was a Chinese boy who lived in the farming village of Woo-kuh, near the Choo-Keang or Pearl river, about fifteen miles below Canton. His father belonged to that highly esteemed class of Nung or farmers.

A-sung was one of the brightest scholars in the village school. But A-sung's father was poor and had many children, so he felt compelled to take his son from school to save the expense, and also that he might have his help in the paddy field.

A-sung was in a somewhat melancholy mood one bright afternoon as he sat beneath a clump of mulberry trees near the river. From his little knoll he could gaze over wide expanses of rice fields, and before him spread the broad surface of the river at Blenheim Reach.

A beautiful American bark lying at anchor half a mile away was the object of his earnest attention.

Suddenly there was a great puff of white smoke from her deck, followed by a heavy report. A-sung seemed to have been watching for this. He directed his gaze to a black speck a mile down the river, and saw the splashes as the shot struck near it and ricochetted on over the surface. The crew were practicing at the guns.

When the firing ceased a small boat left the bark, directed toward a point higher up the river, and he knew that some of the officers were coming ashore to take exercise on horseback, as was their custom. A-sung sprang up and started back to the village.

On his way he had to pass near a small fishing hamlet situated on an inlet of the river. He hurried along with some trepidation, for the inhabitants had a bad reputation. It was reported that they were addicted to smuggling and piracy in their swift boats, called "fast crabs." But he came to a sudden halt as loud, piteous screams came from one of the huts.

A huge, ugly Chinaman came out dragging a girl whom he was beating unmercifully with a thick piece of bamboo. He wore short, wide trousers, a dirty quilted blouse and a broad hat of bamboo strips. His feet were bare. He was a vicious looking ruffian. At last the girl broke away from him and ran swiftly toward A-sung, pursued by her tormentor.

The boy's first thought was to take to his heels, but he boldly waited till the fugitive reached him, when he grasped her waist and darted away behind an embankment into a patch of tall reeds, where they both lay panting until their pursuer gave up the search.

The girl was quite pretty, but ragged and covered with bruises. She was crying with pain and fright. A-sung's eyes filled with tears of sympathy.

"Was that your father?" he asked pityingly.

"No, venerable sir," sobbed the girl. "He bought me."

"Oh!" said A-sung, with contempt at the thought of helping a slave girl. But his better feelings prevailed. He felt in his pocket and drew out two pieces of cash and a ball.

"Take these," he said. "I'm sorry for you. Better wait till he goes to sleep before you go back." Then he rose and crept cautiously away so as not to attract attention. In a little while he reached the village.

As he approached he saw two foreigners on horseback in the street surrounded by more than 200 children, who were dancing about and shouting, "Cooc-che! cooc-che!" (Throw cash.) The grown people crowded the doorways enjoying the sport. The two men were laughing heartily, and scattering handfuls of copper cash to see the children scramble for it. When they had emptied their pockets they rode on, still laughing, and met A-sung. They were dressed in white linen, and one of them wore a Panama hat, the other a blue cap with a gold band. A-sung recognized them as officers of the bark.

"Say, Prescott," said the one with the hat, "there's a boy that would suit me. Speak to him."

They stopped, and Prescott addressed A-sung in Chinese.

"What is your name, boy?"

"A-sung, venerable sir," replied A-sung. "What is your name, venerable sir?" he added politely.

"Never mind," replied Prescott. "The venerable Lord Captain Denville wants a boy to serve him. Lead us to your father, and oppose not."

A-sung's eyes sparkled joyfully. Hastily he led the way along the granite paved street, and stopped before a low, neat house. Inscriptions on red paper and an urn for joss sticks were at the entrance. His father came to the door—a grave, dignified farmer. A-sung put his hands together and saluted him with deep respect and said:

"Venerable father, here is the venerable lord captain and the venerable lord 'Never Mind,' who want a boy to serve them."

Prescott restrained his desire to laugh at A-sung's mistake regarding his name, and briefly informed the farmer of Capt. Denville's wish to employ his son as cabin boy, for which he would pay him $10 a month. After due consideration the farmer consented, and it was arranged that A-sung should come aboard the next day in the boat of the comprador—the man who supplied the ship with fresh provisions.

"Is A-sung a good boy," asked Capt. Denville.

"Him good boy now, bimeby no can tell," replied the farmer gravely.

The officers rode away, and his father said to A-sung: "Doubtless the gods thus show their favor. With the money thus gained from these barbarians you can resume your sublime studies, and my son shall yet bring honor to my old age."

The next day A-sung went on board the Harlequin. His father went with him and formally presented him to the captain.

"Him good boy now, bimeby no can tell," he repeated solemnly, as he took his departure with the comprador.

A-sung looked about with wonder. The deck was clean and white. Four cannon were mounted, black and threatening—two 9-pounder carronades on the quarter deck, a long 18-pounder pivot gun amidships and a 3-pounder pivot on the forecastle. Swarthy, active sailors were at work on deck or in the rigging. They were all Manila men from the Philippine islands, who speak the Spanish language. The captain, his two mates and the clerk were the only white men on board.

A-sung was sent below to the Chinese steward to be instructed in his duties. When he came on deck again in the afternoon he beheld an animated scene. Two long, pull away boats were alongside the bark. They carried masts with matting sails, and besides pulled about twenty oars on each side. They were armed with gingals fixed in swivels on the gunwale; these were Chinese firearms, carrying a large ball.

A number of Chinese of mercantile appearance were on deck earnestly conversing with Capt. Denville. A great many small chests of mango wood, covered with rawhide, were piled near by. One of these was open, and A-sung saw that the upper half of the chest was divided into twenty compartments, in each of which was a dark brown ball of peculiar appearance and smell. Evidently there was the same number of balls in the lower part of the chest.

A-sung soon found out that this was crude opium, and that the merchants were buying it. He was on an opium ship.

The purchasers paid for the drug sometimes with Spanish or Mexican dollars and sometimes with silver ingots called sycee. The coins had all been stamped over and over again with Chinese stamps until they were completely defaced. These were called "chop dollars." The value of both coins and sycee was ascertained by weight.

As the merchant paid the silver it was passed over to the "shroff," a grave, spectacled Chinaman, who sat at his table under the awning on the quarter deck, and with his brass balances carefully ascertained the value of it. He had need of care, for he was under heavy bonds for the correct performance of his duty.

After A-sung had been on board the Harlequin a week he was much puzzled at the difference in the behavior of these people who came to buy opium.

Some boats came in broad daylight and took the drug away openly, while others came stealthily at night, in haste and fear, and sometimes the ship's boat cautiously took away a chest or two up some less frequented inlet, carefully avoiding the mandarin boats that patrolled the river.

A-sung asked the steward for an explanation of this difference, and learned that the exalted emperor at Peking objected to opium being imported into the land, and therefore it was sometimes smuggled.

As for the boats that came openly he supposed that they found means "to cover up men's ears and eyes," meaning, perhaps, that they bribed the mandarins. This was in 1843, and the steward's explanation was probably correct.

A-sung was much interested in the boarding nettings, which were triced up every night from the rail to the rigging. These were for protection against night attacks by Chinese pirates, who were many and dangerous in those waters. But what excited his greatest interest was the practice at the big guns.

At first the loud reports nearly made him jump out of his blue and gold slippers, but he soon became accustomed to the noise. The cannon were touched off with a joss stick, in primitive fashion, and at night some of these were always kept burning near the mainmast in readiness for a sudden attack.

"Venerable young brother," said the steward one day to A-sung, "how many dollars' worth of opium do you think are in this barbarian ship?"

"Venerable elder brother, I do not know," replied A-sung.

"There are four hundreds of thousands," said the steward. "Verily it would be a rich prize for the pirates."

Two weeks after A-sung joined the Harlequin he asked the captain's permission to go and pay his respects to his father. Capt. Denville granted his request, and he went ashore in the comprador's boat. With a light heart he trudged away toward the village, where he was received with great joy by his father and by his young friends and schoolmates.

He spent a very happy day. All the children of the village were eagerly preparing for their "Lantern Feast," which was to take place that night. This is the children's festival in the spring, when they are allowed to have their own way in everything and indulge in merry-making to their hearts' content.

A-sung wished to stay ashore that night in order to take part in the festivities, but as Capt. Denville would expect him to come on board he resolved to go out to the ship with the comprador in the evening and ask leave of absence till the next day. So at evening he walked back to the landing.

On the way he saw two men approaching him, one of whom he thought was the ruffian who had beaten the slave girl. He was not sure of this, however, as this person took another path and soon disappeared.

The other man came on and met him. He was a portly, well dressed Chinaman, and saluted A-sung politely, with an engaging smile. He stopped and proceeded to address many flowery and flattering remarks to the boy, in the course of which he alluded to his connection with the Harlequin, claiming to be himself an old friend of Capt. Denville's.

Although A-sung was in a hurry he listened with pleasure to one who had evidently formed such a high opinion of him at sight, and he replied unsuspectingly to some adroit questions regarding the armament and regulations of the ship.

At last the stranger took leave of him, courteously wishing him abundant felicity and the highest honors and promotion. Then, as if with a sudden thought, he took from the breast of his rich over garment a small bundle tied up in a silk handkerchief.

"Venerable younger brother," he said, "here are some excellent cheroots with which to regale the sailors and officials of the barbarian ship. They are especially choice for those who watch at night, as they will banish the god of drowsiness."

He gave the boy the bundle and again took polite leave. A-sung now hurried to the landing and got there just in time to go off with the comprador.

Capt. Denville kindly gave him permission to return to the "lantern feast" after he had performed a few duties, and by the time the comprador was ready to return the night watch was already on deck. Then A-sung happened to think of the cheroots. He ran below, untied the bundle and brought up a handful, which he distributed among the Manila sailors, with whom he was already a great favorite. Then he gave a couple to the second mate, who was the officer of the watch, and sprang into the boat.

When he reached the village the "lantern feast" was in full progress. The street was crowded with gayly dressed children carrying colored lanterns and forming in line for the procession.

In the midst of this joyful scene, when the merriment was at its height, a pale, ragged, muddy figure appeared at A-sung's side and touched his arm. He recognized the slave girl whom he had befriended. She was shivering with cold and fear.

"Come, venerable sir," she said, "I must tell you something."

They retired a few steps, while the throng of children looked on with wonder.

"There is a fishing village fifteen le from here," continued the girl hurriedly, "and three big pirate boats go from there to attack the barbarian ship to-night. My master and the rest have gone to join them. I followed them. The pirates were beating the gongs and burning the joss papers to gain the favor of the gods. Do not use the cheroots the man gave you today; they are drugged with the smelling stuffs of thieves and robbers to make men sleep!"

A-sung gave a cry of astonishment and despair. For a moment he was stupefied; then he threw down his gay lantern, and darted away toward the boat landing at his greatest speed.

In a little while he had aroused the comprador and acquainted him with his fears. They hurriedly entered a small boat and pulled away for the Harlequin. As they neared the ship they distinctly heard the dip of the sweeps as the pirate boats approached. They had almost reached their prey.

A-sung clambered up the side and reached the deck with difficulty between the boarding nettings. There was no challenge. All was still on board. Several dark figures were stretched out on the deck forward.

He darted aft. The second mate was in a profound slumber, breathing heavily. He shook the officer, but found it impossible to awake him. The drugged cigars had done their work effectually. He glanced fearfully around. One of the pirate boats was close at hand, looming up darkly, propelled by a great number of oars. Wild with fright, A-sung rushed forward to the forecastle screaming:

"Pirates! pirates! Ahoy, hi yi!"

The men on deck were all in a leaden slumber, but some of the watch had evidently sneaked below on finding that the mate had gone to sleep.

At A-sung's cries three sailors rushed on deck. Though confused, they comprehended in a moment the imminent danger, and sprang forward to the pivot gun amidships. By that time the pirate boat was almost alongside, and suddenly there burst from her crowded deck the most frightful din of gongs and savage yells, together with a fierce discharge of musketry and gingals.

Several large, flaming missiles were thrown over the boarding nettings upon the deck. Three fell close to the pivot gun, where they lay blazing and smoking, emitting a most horrible and suffocating stench. Unable to endure it, the sailors were driven from the gun.

One of them ran aft to the cabin, shouting "Senor Captain! Ladrones! ladrones!" Another ran to the forecastle to arouse his shipmates. The third stood as if paralyzed. Already the pirates were grappling the ship and preparing to pour on board.

At this perilous moment a desperate resolve inspired A-sung. Since he had caused this disaster he would at least do what he could to atone for it was his thought. He drew a deep breath, and as the captain and Prescott reached the deck they saw A-sung dash forward through the fumes of the burning "fire pots," seize a joss stick from the mainmast and touch off the long eighteen pounder. There was a stunning report. The pirate boat was wrapped in smoke, from which came fearful howls, screams, groans. The gun happened to be trained exactly upon the crowded deck of the pirate, and being double shotted with canister the effect of the discharge was terrible.

By this time the rest of the crew were on deck, and the carronade and the gun on the forecastle were fired into the other pirate boats that were trying to get alongside, and the sailors gave them a volley of musketry. Prescott at the head of some of the most resolute men threw the blazing "fire pots" overboard, extinguished the flames, and then, reloading the eighteen pounder, poured another blast into the first boat, which was trying to get off, badly crippled.

Poor A-sung was picked up limp and senseless from the deck, where he had fallen suffocated after so bravely firing the gun. That one shot began the disastrous repulse of the pirates. It was some time before he was revived, and when he regained consciousness the battle was over.

When Capt. Denville heard the whole story, he highly praised A-sung for his prompt and courageous action, but also warned him against being deceived by shrewd rascals, no matter how fine their dress or how pleasing their manners.

The men who had been stupefied by the drugged cigars soon recovered, but the second mate never forgave the boy who had caused his discomfiture.

A-sung told the captain of the important service the slave girl had rendered, and expressed his fears for her fate if the pirates should suspect that she had betrayed them. So the next day Capt. Denville, A-sung and a party of armed sailors went to the fishing hamlet.

Denville reached the hovel first and burst in the door. They had evidently arrived just in time. The little slave girl was dodging about the small room, pursued by the big Chinese ruffian, who was slashing at her with a heavy scimitar.

The villain had been wounded in the attack on the ship. His jaw was bound up with a dirty bandage, and he could barely limp about. This had enabled the child to escape his deadly blows, but as Denville entered he had penned her in a corner.

The captain drew his pistol, and compelled the pirate to drop his sword. He then sternly announced his intention of taking the slave girl away, and that little as the ruffian deserved it he would pay a reasonable price for her.

The pirate, scowling furiously from the bench where he had sunk, did not object to this, but coolly mentioned a most exorbitant price. Denville, without wasting words, placed one-tenth of the amount on the bench, and told the girl that she now belonged to him.

He then addressed the pirate again, and threatened him with the severest punishment if he ever followed or persecuted the girl. After this the party left the village, taking with them the little slave, who exhibited a joy that was really pathetic.

The girl, whose name was Le Won, was given her freedom and placed in the family of A-sung's father, where she would be kindly treated—Capt. Denville engaging to pay for her maintenance until she was married.

A-sung remained on board the Harlequin a year, during which time he made a voyage to India. Then he returned to his native village and resumed his studies of the Confucian classics—that road to honor and fame in the Flowery Land. —Charles E. Brimblecom in Youth's Companion.

Too Many Infielders.

Burns, of the Kansas Citys, tells a good story. He says that while he was a member of the Oshkosh club, some years ago, it was owned by Senator Sawyer, the lumber king. Sawyer put $20,000 in to boom the town, and, by the way, it won the pennant, and he paid no attention to it. One day, however, he concluded to take his wife out to see a game. Both were interested. The pitchers were being hit hard, there were many long flies caught and they enjoyed it. Finally, however, an idea occurred to Mrs. Sawyer.

"Senator," she said, "that is not fair; they put only three men away out in the field and let all the rest stand around the diamond. They make these three men work too hard. You must see the manager and tell him to scatter his men out." The senator thought her idea excellent, and the next day he hunted up the manager. "You seem to win all right," said he, "but I don't like the way you place your men. I want you after this to scatter them out more. Put more in the outfield, and don't have them all standing about the pitcher."—Sporting Life.

Stonewall Jackson's Death.

Historians always stop to describe the dying of Wolfe and Montcalm, the two opposing commanders in the battle of Quebec. But their deaths were simply heroic compared with the Christian death of Stonewall Jackson.

About 1:30 on the day of his death he was told that he had about two hours to live, and he answered feebly but firmly, "Very good; it is all right."

A few moments before he died he cried out in his delirium: "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Maj. Hawks"— then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished.

Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face and then he said quietly and with an expression of relief: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." And then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed.—Philadelphia Press.

Electric Resistance of the Body.

In tests on a number of different persons an electrician has found the effective resistance on the human body to be less to the alternating than to the direct current in the same individual, with a great variation in the resistance to either current in different persons. In five subjects the resistance to a continuous current of fifty volts ranged from 3,220 to 10,000. The tests revealed incidentally a striking difference in the strength of current different individuals can endure.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Different Ways of Looking at It.

Chatterton—Don't you think it is a shame the way Impecune gets everybody to trust him?

Gohard—To the contrary, I think it's greatly to his credit!—Clothier and Furnisher.

I am laden with freight
From the golden gate.
To lands across the sea.
I carry sweet hope
With SANTA CLAUS SOAP,
As a cargo clear as can be.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP
Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO.
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IF YOU SUFFER FROM CATARRH, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do at an expense of ONE CENT for a postal card, by sending your name and address to PROF. J. A. LAWRENCE New York, who will send you, FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the BEST AND SUREST REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED FOR THE CURE OF CATARRH in all its vigorous stages. Over ONE MILLION cases of this dread ful, disgusting, and often-times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. WRITE TO-DAY for this FREE recipe. Its timely use may save you from the death toils of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address,
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The Man with a Patent.

There were only half a dozen people in the palace car all day long, and after dinner, when the man who had been sleeping and reading in seat No. 12 came over to me for a chat, I welcomed him with open arms. He said his name was Saunders, and that he had a patent or improvement on some part of a locomotive. He was going through to Cincinnati to have it perfected or adopted or something of the sort. He had been in partnership with a mean man—a man who had tried to swindle him out of a fortune. To get even he had stolen the patent and run away. He had it with him in a valise. That was all he said just then, but later on he confided to me the fact that at a town about thirty miles away this wicked partner of his might possibly be on hand to board the train and attempt to wrest the treasure from his keeping. He wanted my advice, and I offered to take charge of the valise. He thanked me with great effusiveness, and as we approached the town he shut himself into the smoking compartment.

As the train drew up I saw an old acquaintance on the platform, and while we were talking a posse was hunting the train for my friend. They didn't find him, as he had dropped off and struck out for the country. I went on to Cincinnati, taking his valise along, and although I was there four days he didn't show up. I arranged to leave it with the landlord, and it was carried to the office to be opened by a meddlesome clerk.

Instead of a patent it contained wedges, drills, a brace, fuse and other neat little devices for successfully working a burglar's job, and it cost me two days of the hardest kind of talk to satisfy the chief of police that I wasn't in it. I had ridden over 100 miles with a full fledged burglar, and one who had made his mark, and I must say he was a better talker and more of a gentleman than any governor I ever met.—New York Sun.

Will a Corpse Bleed?

Formerly there was a popular belief in a widespread superstition that the corpse of a murdered person would bleed afresh from the wounds that had caused death did the murderer touch it or even allow his eyes to rest upon it.

The belief is shown to have been universally established in Scotland as late as 1668. In that year one Philip Standsfield was arrested for the murder of a person who had been buried several days. Although the man had lain in the grave almost a fortnight, Sir George Mackinzie, the crown counsel, caused the body to be exhumed and brought into open court to apply what people thought would be the test of Standsfield's guilt or innocence. The sworn deposition of several witnesses is as follows:

"God Almighty himself was pleased to bear a share in the testimonies which we produced. That divine power which makes the blood circulate during life has ofttimes, in all countries, opened a passage for it after death upon such occasions. After the wounds had been sewed up, and the body designedly shaken up and down—and, which is most wonderful, after the body had been buried several days, which naturally causes the blood to congeal—upon Standsfield's touching it the blood darted and sprang out, to the great astonishment of the surgeons who were there to watch the event. Standsfield, astonished more than they, threw down the body, crying, 'Oh, God! Oh, God!' and, cleaning his hands, grew so faint that the doctors had to give him a cordial."—St. Louis Republic.

A Practical Lesson.

One chilly evening the sitting room in which my pupils and I sat was warmed by a grate fire. Shaking out some small live coals, I bade the boys observe which of them turned black soonest. They were quick to see that the smallest did, but they were unable to tell why. They were reminded of the rule they had committed to paper, but to no purpose, until I broke a large glowing coal into a score of fragments which became black almost at once. Then one of them cried, "Why, smashing that coal gave it more surface!" This young fellow was studying the elements of astronomy at school, so I had him give us some account of how the planets differ from one another in size, how the moon compares with the earth in mass, and how vastly larger than any of its worlds is the sun.

Explaining to him the theory of the solar system's fiery origin, I shall not soon forget his keen delight—in which the others presently shared—when it burst upon him that because the moon is much smaller than the earth it must be much colder; that, indeed, it is like a small cinder compared with a large one. It was easy to advance from this to understanding why Jupiter, with eleven times the diameter of the earth, still glows faintly in the sky, and then to note that the sun pours out its wealth of heat and light because the immensity of its bulk has, comparatively speaking, so little surface to radiate from.—George Iles in Popular Science.

One of the Bravest of Deeds.

An incident of the battle of Waterloo heard from the great duke himself was told by Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist, to the late Sir George Burns, in whose biography it is given by Mr. Edwin Hodder. At one moment in the battle the Duke of Wellington was left alone, his aids-de-camp having been dispatched with messages. A gentleman in plain clothes rode up to him and said, "Can I be of any use, sir?"

The duke looked at him and instantly said, "Yes; take that pencil note to the commanding officer" (pointing to a regiment in the heat of the engagement). The note was taken and delivered, its bearer galloping through the thick of the fight to execute its commission. After the battle the duke made every inquiry, but never could find out to whom he was indebted for this brave service. He told Lord Shaftesbury that he considered this one of the most gallant deeds that had ever come under his notice, seeing that it was done without prospect of honor or reward.—London News.

Rubber Noses.

We can make noses to order, either of vulcanized rubber or plaster paris. They are a good substitute, but of course the nerves are not there. I had a case once of a minister who had fallen into the fire, and had had that useful member burned off. We also have appliances for changing the shape of the nose. A Roman nose can be reduced by gradual pressure to a fine aquiline, and the whole face can be remodeled by an iron mask. This mask is worn only at night.—Interview in Cincinnati Times-Star.

Loose the Bands of Thy Neck.

My mother used to tell a story of a curate in a Norfolk parish, where the rector was non-resident. One Sunday, just as the curate had entered the reading desk, the rector came into the church, and sent him a note to the effect that he wished to preach, but had forgotten to bring his bands. This appendage to the clerical wardrobe was quite indispensable in those days, and the only way in which the curate could help him out of the difficulty was to untie his own bands and hand them up into the three decker as soon as the rector mounted.

But when the time came, as ill luck would have it, the string of the bands got into a knot, and by one of those unaccountable coincidences that sometimes occur the singers in the gallery struck up the anthem "Loose the bands of thy neck, thou captive daughter of Zion," and as they repeated the words over and over again, and one part echoed another, "Loose the bands of thy neck—loose the bands—loose the bands," the hapless curate became more baffled in his hopeless endeavors to untie the knotted strings, and in his nervousness supposed the anthem to be directed to him. I do not remember how it ended, but probably the amusement it caused afterward may have more than compensated for the annoyance of the time.—Cornhill Magazine.

A DEAF MUTE COLLEGE.

DECREES CONFERRED ON STUDENTS WHO CANNOT HEAR.

The Wonderful Progress in the Education of the Deaf and Dumb—The Curriculum of the National College at Washington. Some of the Work Done.

Very little is known about the ancient treatment of the deaf, but Aristotle is credited with saying somewhere in his musty works that the deaf are wholly incapable of receiving intellectual instruction. History tells us, however, that deafness was sometimes deemed a visitation of divine wrath, and that the poor victim was frequently destroyed to save the family honor, or was classed with the idiotic or insane and treated as an outcast. This opinion must have prevailed many centuries, for it was within the last 150 years that it was discovered that the deaf were capable of receiving intellectual instruction.

A college for deaf mutes was founded in the city of Washington about twenty-six years ago to combat the popular prejudice. The college grew and thrived. Few people know anything about the National Deaf Mute college, or the Columbian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, as it is known officially, at Kendall Green, Washington. A man who, had he lived 1,000 years ago, might have been roasted because he could neither hear nor speak today studies moral philosophy, the calculus and ancient and modern languages, and graduates from a college with a degree.

THE COLLEGE.

The Columbia institution was incorporated in 1857, and has since then been sustained by congress as an institution where deaf mute children living in the District of Columbia and children of soldiers and sailors should receive free education. Ample provision is also made for deaf mutes from the states and territories, who have not the means of defraying the expenses of tuition, which amount to $250 a year. The institution continued for seven years as an ordinary high school, but in 1864 it was decided to organize a collegiate department, and congress passed an act authorizing the institution to confer collegiate degrees. The institution was then divided into two departments, the school and the National Deaf Mute college. In one of his annual reports Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, the president of the college, says:

"The object of the directors in establishing a school of this grade, thus taking a step unprecedented in the history of deaf mute instruction, was in part to prove what had been doubted by some, that persons deprived of hearing and speech could, in spite of their disability, engage successfully in the advanced studies pursued in colleges for the hearing. The more important end in view, however, was to afford to a class of persons in the community, already numerous and increasing steadily with the population, an opportunity to secure the advantages of a rigid and thorough course of intellectual training in the higher walks of literature and the liberal arts."

The best evidence of the success of the movement can be found in this paragraph from the annual report of 1887, which tells what pursuits some of the graduates followed:

WHERE THE GRADUATES GO.

"Fifty who have gone out from the college have been engaged in teaching, one has entered the ministry, three have become editors and publishers of newspapers, three others have taken positions connected with journalism, ten have entered the civil service of the government, one while filling a position as instructor in a western institution has rendered important service to the coast survey as a microscopist, two have become accomplished draughtsmen in architects' offices, one has been repeatedly elected recorder of deeds in a southern city, and two others are recorders' clerks in the west.

"Another has been elected city treasurer and is at present cashier of a national bank, one has become eminent as a practical chemist and assayer, two have taken places in the faculty of their alma mater and are rendering valuable service as instructors, some have gone into mercantile and other offices, some have undertaken business on their own account, while not a few have chosen agricultural and mechanical pursuits in which the advantages of thorough mental training will give them a superiority over those not so well educated."

Congress has been liberal with the institution. In 1881 a fine gymnasium was completed, which cost $14,600. Most of the students in the college are graduates of the lower department of the institution, but not a few received their early education in separate local schools. The entire curriculum, including an introductory year, embraces a period of five years. Candidates for admission to the introductory class are examined in these subjects: The command of English as shown in oral or finger-spelled conversation; in rendering at sight paragraphs selected from school books and from newspapers; in extemporaneous English composition; arithmetic; history of the United States; history of England to the beginning of the reign of Henry VII; political geography; physical geography, and elements of natural philosophy.

The curriculum of the college is about the same as that of any other college. It includes mathematics, English, Latin, Greek, history, zoology, botany, chemistry, physics, physiology, French, German, logic, mental and moral science and political philosophy. The degrees which the college has conferred are: Bachelor of arts, bachelor of science, bachelor of philosophy, master of arts, master of science and doctor of philosophy.—New York Sun.

A Simple Plan.

Mr. Youngman (after long thought)—Is there any way to find out what a woman thinks of you without proposing?

Mr. Benedick (absently)—Yes; make her mad.—Good News.

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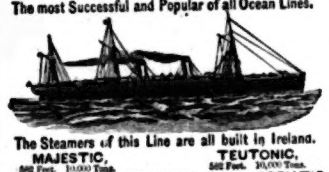

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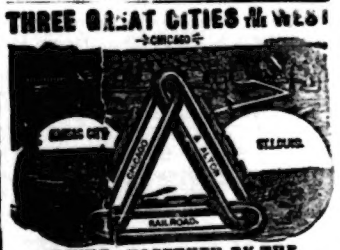

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Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEnaney, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 2cth st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S; E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 852 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuss, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H G Laus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; E Smith, F S; E E Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Mannell, Treas; Dr Wm A Symon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 338 Cleveland av; Joseph F Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Oostrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av,

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; W H Powers, F S; M Oronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
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County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

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Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V. P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2323 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 361 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 8—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 652 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet 3rst Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E. O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 422 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 9—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Doian, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Bohan, 396 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V. P., Jot n J. Keche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Lock st. and Archer av.

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Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P. James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hensly; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare. Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 o. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

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Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st.; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Framey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1026 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3109 Lowe av; V.-P., J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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CHRIST IN LIMESTONE.

Forces of Nature Carve the Face of the Saviour in a Marvelous Manner.

There is at present temporarily residing in Albany a lady who has in her possession a wonderful freak of nature. It is merely a piece of limestone, but carved most marvelously by the forces of nature into a face—the face of Christ in death.

To a reporter Mrs. Oliver T. Bacon, the lady referred to, told the story of her prized curiosity. Mrs. Bacon said:

"Overhanging the village of Oberammergau is a high mountain peak held in reverence by the villagers, who consider it their guardian angel. After witnessing the Passion Play of Sept. 12, 1880, I made the ascent of this mountain. A few flowers for pressing and two small bits of rock as souvenirs were taken near the summit, the latter remaining in my pocket two weeks. Later on, with a number of curios purchased, a box was packed and shipped to Georgia. More than eight years after a fire occurred in the Young Men's library, where the cases were stored.

"In relabeling the curios injured by water this package containing two pebbles was uncovered. Although rough and unhewn, in a certain angle Ruben's 'Conception of Christ,' in death, suddenly stood out, the drooping mouth more drooped, the eyes closed in an eternal sorrow; the brow plowed deeply in furrows of pain, the nostrils grown thin through lack of breath; the whole face weary and sorrowful with the weight of the world's sin."

Mrs. Bacon is from Atlanta, Ga. After talking about the curio for some time she produced a velvet sack. Within the sack was was a silver case, like a watch case, and in it was the simple yet wonderful piece of stone. Holding it at a certain angle the face full of suffering was easily seen. The freak is truly wonderful. As yet it has only been viewed by a few persons.

The Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," writes from Newton Center, Mass., Sept. 3, 1890: "The pebble, about half an inch in length, casually picked up by Mrs. Bacon on Mount Christus, near Oberammergau, is a most remarkable freak of fracture, seeming as if it were the fruit of design, and the design of a skilled artist. It requires no effort of imagination to see in it the head of the suffering, dying Christ, vivid in form and expression. The pebble is only a fragment of reddish limestone. The curiosity is that the fracture should exhibit so pathetic and exact a portrait. Mrs. Bacon sets a high value on the gem and regards it almost with reverence. It is certainly remarkable that a little stone, picked up without selection from the common road as a mere souvenir of the place and directly following the performance of the 'Passion Play' at Oberammergau, should present so touching a form."

Of it Bishop Doane said: "I have had the privilege of seeing the pebble found by Mrs. Bacon on Mount Christus, near Oberammergau. It arrests the attention and arouses the reverent amazement of any one to whom it is shown. Dr. Smith's description of it is very accurate, and no one, I am sure, can look upon this curious natural product without great interest and wonder."

Assistant State Geologist Merrill says concerning the stone: "I have had the pleasure of seeing the pebble which Mrs. O. T. Bacon has brought from Oberammergau, and consider it the most remarkable example of accidental resemblances which I have ever observed in so small a stone. The material is limestone, veined with chert, and the colors of the two substances contrast in such a manner as to delineate, with much exactness, a human face. No tool appears to have touched it. The surface seems to be entirely due to fracture and abrasion."—Albany Argus.

Reading from Duty.

Possibly, then, one should read from a sense of duty to others? Never! Never! Who that is a lover of good books has not been annoyed by the rabble who are toadies to good books? Who put them in conspicuous places in their conversation as they push the visiting cards of the upper one hundred into prominence on their tables? The insufferable, unwarranted conceit of these readers from duty! Why, a book lover is charmed into a blessed humility in the presence of his author, and mentions him in conversation as one would lift the curtain of some precious shrine.

And then, though some few can talk showily as a result of this duty goaded reading, none can talk to edification. Usually the conversation of such readers amounts to this: "Have I read the 'Inmost Revelations of Susy Thrilling?' Why, of course! Every one reads it, you know. Gladstone wrote a review of it, you know. Let's see. It came out in the Seavell Square library, didn't it? Number 2,139. Double number, and forty cents. Splendid, wasn't it?"—New York Ledger.

One Way of Arresting a Boil.

The first indication of a boil is a slight itching, followed by a reddish pimple with a hair in the center. Sometimes the pulling out of this hair will arrest the development of the sore. As the pimple grows the redness extends and becomes more intense, and the part begins to throb with pain. In about five days it breaks, pus oozes out, the pain abates, and soon after the dead tissue—the so called "core"—escapes, followed by rapid healing. Sometimes no core appears, nor does the boil suppurate. This is known as the "blind boil." It is very hard and painful, and is long in healing.—Youth's Companion.

A Natural Picture.

In the church of St. John at Pisa, Italy, there is a piece of stone heavily marked with red, blue and yellow spar, the lines representing an old man with heavy white beard, with a bell in his hand, seated beside a small stream. To the worshipers at St. John's it is known as the St. Anthony stone, the picture upon it being a perfect likeness of that saint even to the minor details of tunic and bell.—St. Louis Republic.

1867. 1890.

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Hon. M. J. KEANE will preside. HON. C. D. O'BRIEN, ex-Mayor of St. Paul, Minn., and HON. M. P. BRADY, of Chicago, will deliver addresses. The Musical Programme is expected to surpass anything heretofore presented at these patriotic celebrations.

TICKETS, - - - 50 CENTS.

In a recent number of The Sanitarian Dr. W. T. Parker protests against thick planting of trees very near the house. Not only do they prevent the free access of air and of sunshine or even light, but they also injure the character of the soil as suited for permanent occupation. "A soil," says the writer, "loaded with roots and densely shaded is unfit for man to live upon constantly. Vegetation produces a great effect upon the movement of the air. Its velocity is checked, and sometimes in thick clusters of trees or underwood the air is almost stagnant. If moist and decaying vegetation be a coincident condition of such stagnation the most fatal forms of malarious diseases are produced.

"A moist soil is cold, and is generally believed to predispose to rheumatism, catarrh and neuralgia. It is a matter of general experience that most people feel healthier on a dry soil. In some way which is not clear a moist soil produces an unfavorable effect upon the lungs. A moist soil influences greatly the development of the agent, whatever it may be, which causes the paroxysmal fevers."

Men with Low Foreheads.

Here is a gallery of "low foreheads" warranted to astonish the knowing ones who never see virtue except in bald fronts. Look up the portraits of Grant, McClellan, Logan and Sheridan among soldiers; Holmes, Stedman, Howells, Grant White, Curtis, Parton, Twain and Warner among authors; the late Chief Justice Waite and Matthew Arnold among recently deceased notables, and see how the growth of their hair subjects them to be slandered by the shallow pates.

On the other hand look at the full face portraits of the average baldheaded man, and see how his affliction glorifies his intellect. When you find a man whose hair grows down over the bend of his profile forehead, while yet leaving it "high" to the eye, you have got hold of a thinker who is also a man of action, such as Beecher, Booth, Ruskin, Lincoln.

The dome shaped forehead usually marks the idealist, and the square shaped brow the practical man of affairs and wit.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The President of Mexico.

President Portorio Diaz, of Mexico, is a portly, dark skinned, Indian eyed man, with closely clipped blue-black hair and a drooping mustache. His years are nine-and-fifty, and he is serving his third term as president. Yet you never see him without a smile on his face. He is iron willed, and when the grant to the American railroad in Mexico was withheld by the parliament or congress Diaz was out taking a ride. He came up into congress and addressed them, saying:

"Signors, you will either pass this bill or go straight home."

They looked a minute, and raised the cry of "Long live the president!" and passed the bill.—Frank Leslie's.

A Natural Question.

Pupil—Please, what do they make castor oil out of?

Teacher—the castor bean.

Pupil—Then, do they make lima oil out of the lima bean?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A passenger elevator to the summit of Mount Blanc is proposed by an American mining engineer. The shaft is to be of eight compartments, each six feet square, intended to carry a triple decked elevator for twenty-seven passengers.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN H. MARTIN, DE-ceased — All persons having claims against the estate of John H. Martin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1891, being the 19th day thereof. CLARA T. MARTIN and ELLEN R. MARTIN, Executrices.

Dated Chicago, November 12, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

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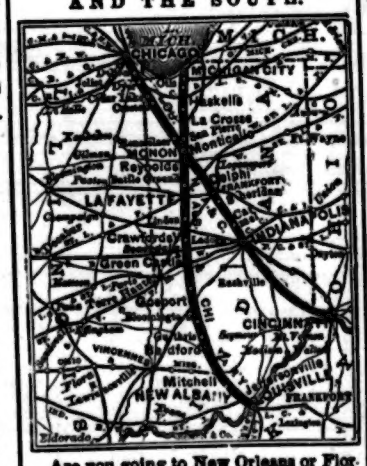

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St. Francis Wis. Oct 24, 1888

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Bern. Elskamp, Pastor.

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